

COLLIER'S

EASTER NUMBER

THIS NUMBER contains:
WITH BRIDGES BURNED-
A STORY BY REX BEACH.
WEDDING BELLS- A DOU-
BLE-PAGE PICTURE IN COLOR
BY W· DENDY SADLER. A
SLAYER OF SERPENTS-
A STORY BY MARY E· D·
WILKINS FREEMAN ☐
HRASHIMURA TOGO ☐
on THE JOY-DANCE OF
SPRING BY WALLACE +
IRWIN. PRETTY GIRLS BY
CHARLES DANA GIBSON
AND HARRISON FISHER.
ARCHIBALDS BENEFIT-
A STORY BY P· G· WODEHOUSE ☐
FICTION ILLUSTRATIONS
IN COLOR BY ALICE BARBER
STEPHENS, KARL ANDERSON, ☐
AND WALLACE MORGAN ☐
POEMS BY BLISS CARMAN,
CHARLES HANSON TOWNE ☐



Hawes, von Gal HATS



The Smartest Shapes for Spring and Summer



THE preferred shapes for the present season still show the flat and medium-flat set brims. In soft hats the style differences are rather more in evidence.

Of course good form and good taste dictate the avoidance of extremes, in hats as in clothes. Individuality is of course desirable and it is this attribute, combined with style, quality, superior workmanship, finish and fit, that has placed Hawes, von Gal Hats first in the favor of smartly dressed men.

Your choice for Spring may be either a derby or soft hat, but whatever your preference, you cannot err in buying a Hawes, von Gal Hat. Moreover, satisfaction is guaranteed by your dealer—and we stand back of him.

See the new shapes for Spring and Summer. Prices, \$3, \$4 and \$5.

We are
Makers of the
Hawes
Celebrated
\$3 Hat

If not at your dealer's, write for our new Spring and Summer Style Book "M." We will fill your order direct from the factory if you will indicate style wanted and give your hat size, your height, weight and waist measure. Add 25 cents to cover cost of postage.

Hawes, von Gal
INCORPORATED
1178 Broadway, New York

Wholesale Offices:
Chicago Boston

Factories:
DANBURY, Connecticut



IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



Interior of Christ Church, Alexandria; Washington's church

Copyright 1910 by Hart Schaffner & Marx

A SENSE of being well dressed fits a man for any occasion; men who put their confidence in us and our mark in the garments, needn't give much thought to their clothes. All-wool quality always; perfect style and tailoring.

Send six cents for the Washington Number of our Style Book; showing many illustrations of good clothes.

Hart Schaffner & Marx
Good Clothes Makers

Chicago

Boston

New York



Try It On

SALADS

and obtain that piquancy so often lacking in salad dressings. Use

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Soups, Fish, Steaks, Roasts, Chops, Game, Gravies, Chafing Dish Cooking, Welsh Rarebit and many other dishes are greatly improved by its use.

Imitators have always failed to get the delightful flavor of Lea & Perrins Sauce.

Shun Substitutes.

JOHN DUNCAN'S Sons, Agents, N. Y.

THE PEN YOU CAN BE SURE OF

You don't buy the Conklin on empty promises of what it will do. It's the self-filling pen that's made good—eleven years of constant satisfaction-giving. A mere thumb pressure on Crescent-Filler fills

CONKLIN'S Self-Filling Fountain Pen

No separate filler, nothing to take apart, nothing complicated. Ink reservoir guaranteed for five years. Unsurpassed writing qualities. Finest 14-k gold pens in all points and for all special uses—manifolding, bookkeepers, stenographers, etc. At dealers everywhere—\$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00 to \$15.00. Interesting literature sent on request.

The Conklin Pen Mfg. Co.
214 Manhattan Building
TOLEDO, OHIO

MOVING PICTURE MACHINES MAKE BIG MONEY

Almost no limit to the profits to be made in operating school houses, lodge halls, theatres, etc., or operating FIVE CENT THEATRES. We show you how to conduct the business, furnish complete outfit. We rent films Catalogue free.

225 Dearborn St., Dept. 162, Chicago

ADVERTISING BULLETIN

NO. 47

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE PUBLISHER

THE responsibility of the publisher to-day only begins with making a clean and interesting paper. If he sees his work rightly, he will recognize that he is virtually the trustee not merely of a certain fund of information as to whose accuracy he vouches, but that also he has a heavy responsibility for the right direction of public opinion on public affairs.

The new school of national journalism—of which McClure's and Everybody's and The American Magazine are examples—is doing important work for the binding together of this country through ties of national, as distinguished from merely local, citizenship. It is casting into more durable form the ideas and the principles that have guided American journalism since it first came into being.

The publisher of a militant magazine or weekly is also a special counsel for the public. In the case of Collier's it is frequently the duty of the publisher to back up a single editorial with the acquisition of such a mass of evidence as would satisfy a public prosecutor. The legal department of Collier's, whose business in one sense it is to protect the publisher from libel suits, in a larger sense is a bureau of information concerning public men, established in the interest of the whole people.

The legal battles in which Collier's is engaged are battles against enemies of the public good, and a part of the responsibility of a publisher is not merely to be right, but to be able to fight for the right effectively when challenged.

The same standards which measure the sincerity of a publisher in relation to public opinion apply to him in his relation with his advertisers. If he guarantees the honesty of his editorials, the accuracy of his news columns, where only that intangible thing called influence is involved, how much the more is it his duty to guarantee the good faith of his advertisers, upon which his readers depend for a great portion of their domestic expenditures!

As a matter of fact, the great national advertisers are doing a service to this country complementary to that of the magazines. What the magazines are doing in an intellectual way by the spread of information among the people, their advertisers are doing for the material civilization by the standardization all over this land of household conveniences, necessities and luxuries.

To national advertisers largely does America owe the fact that today thousands of her small towns command the same comforts that only the metropolis could boast ten years ago.

It is one of the publisher's greatest responsibilities also to see that this force of civilization is not misused by the admission of a single misleading advertisement to his columns. The publisher of Collier's is glad to number himself among those who recognize their responsibility for the pecuniary protection of his readers, and is proud of the cooperation he has had from Collier's advertisers in the establishment of a high standard of business ethics.

IN NEXT WEEK'S BULLETIN—"The Responsibility of the Advertiser"

Having received many requests for the Advertising Bulletin in booklet form, I have had a supply printed and have already mailed out 5500. Any one desiring a copy can secure it by writing for one.

E. C. P.

\$1,288.20 CLEAR PROFIT IN THE FIRST 60 DAYS

A young man working for about \$18 per week installed four of our Box Ball Alleys with the above results. He purchased on our easy payment plan and his original investment was less than \$300.00.

A doctor realizing the great value of Box Ball for physical exercise, bought one alley and had it run by a young man, and his profit on one alley was over \$500.00 for the first two months.

We want you to start this business in your town. Remember, Box Ball is no gambling device, but legitimate and thoroughly honorable. A high-class amusement and splendid physical exercise, and never fails to attract the patronage of the good people.

Box Ball pays big profits in any town. One man with two alleys in a town of only 500 population took in all the alleys cost him in forty days. We sell only one customer in towns of moderate size. We have sold nearly 6,500 alleys. Quickly installed, conveniently portable, small expense, easy payments. Catalog and particulars free. Write today.

AMERICAN BOX BALL CO.
323 Van Buren St. (16) INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

—9,059-Word Business Book Free

Simply send us a postal and ask for our free illustrated 9,059-word Business Booklet which tells how priceless Business Experience, squeezed from the lives of 112 big, broad, brainy business men may be made yours—yours to boost your salary, to increase your profits. This free booklet deals with

—How to start a business
—How to sell goods
—How to get money by mail
—How to buy at rock-bottom
—How to collect money
—How to stop cost leaks
—How to train and handle men
—How to run a business
—How to advertise a business
—How to devise office methods

Sending for this free book involves you in no obligation, yet it may be the means of starting you on a broader career. Surely you will not deny yourself this privilege, when it involves only the risk of a postal—a penny! Simply say "Send on your 9,059-word Booklet." Send to SYSTEM, Dept. 171-6, 151-153 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, \$3.50

Sent to your home by express prepaid

Sizes and Prices
9 x 6 ft. \$3.50
9 x 7 1/2 ft. 4.00
9 x 9 ft. 4.50
9 x 10 1/2 ft. 5.00
9 x 12 ft. 5.50
9 x 15 ft. 6.50

New Catalogue showing goods in actual colors sent free
ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., 692 Bourse Bldg., Philadelphia

"Bonnie Boy" and a Beautiful Cart

This is "Bonnie Boy".
(18)

Fifty stylish designs of Children's Cart to choose from in our famous Toy Portfolio. Cart polished and up over. Thoroughbred Shetland, only broken, gentle and perfectly safe, comes with the cart. We furnish outfit complete—pony, harness and cart. Write today for illustrated Catalog "B," showing entire line.

The Michigan Buggy Co., 175 Office Building, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Certain coins, stamps and paper money of recent issues bring enormous prices. A New York collector paid \$10,000 each for certain coins of 1877, and others brought \$100 to \$6,200. Mr. Castle paid

\$10,000

\$4,400 for a stamp, and Mr. Ayer got \$250,000 for his collection. If interested in large legitimate profits send a stamp for an illustrated circular. Address: VONBERGEN, the Coin Dealer, Dept. II, BOSTON, MASS.

FOR A COIN

I TEACH
Penmanship
BY MAIL
I won the World's First Prize in Penmanship. By my new system I can make an expert penman of you by mail. I also teach Book Keeping and Shorthand. Am placing many of my students as typists, stenographers, bookkeepers, etc., and wish to become a better penman write me. I will send you FREE of my favorite Pens and a copy of the Kansanerian Journal. Write today. C. W. RANSOM, 289 Reliance Bldg., KANSAS CITY, MO.

THE
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
OFFERS
550 of its class-room courses by correspondence. You can take up High School or College studies at home, and do half the work for a Bachelor degree. Courses for Teachers, Writers, Bankers, Accountants, Business Men, Ministers, Parents, and many in other vocations. The U. of C., Dept. II, Chicago, Ill.

STUDY
LAW
Leading Law School in Correspondence Instruction. Established 1892. Prepares for the bar. Three Courses: College, Post-Graduate and Business Law. Special instruction combines theory and practice.

Approved by the bench and bar. Send for catalog giving rules for admission to the bar of the several states. Chicago Correspondence School of Law 505 Reaper Block, Chicago

MOUNT BIRDS Learn the great art of Taxidermy. We can teach you by mail to mount birds, animals, tan hides, make rugs, etc. Every fascinating and profitable. Decorate your home and office with your fine trophies. Tuition low, success guaranteed. Write today for Free Book on Taxidermy and our materials. Both free. NORTHWESTERN SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMY, 6022 Elwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT

The gum that suggests the pure fresh country.
The gum that brings thoughts of childhood's happy days.
The gum with pure springy chicle, and delicious fresh mint leaf juice you can't chew out—is

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT PEPSIN GUM

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



"It's a Stearns!"

Wherever the big cars of class are to be found, there you meet people who admiringly speak of the Stearns—the Ultimate Car. In crowded streets, on the country roads, the Stearns is recognized as the sturdy car—the car that is honorably built. The Stearns is furnished in two sizes. The town and country type—15-30 h. p., shaft drive—which is illustrated above—and the 30-60 h. p., either shaft or chain drive—which meets all requirements of the higher power, higher speed automobiles. These cars are furnished with Touring, Toy Tonneau, Landaulet and Limousine bodies.

The Sturdiest Car

The Stearns does not wear out in one year. The yearly depreciation, as compared with other cars, is extremely small. Stearns Limousines and Landaulets, after five years of service, are in good order and in steady daily use.

No car of like rating has more reserve power than the Stearns. The Stearns is a quiet motor of great power and flexibility. Stearns construction throughout is the best that engineering skill can furnish. That is why the Stearns costs more and that is why it endures. All Stearns are equipped with Continental Demountable Rims.

It is the Ultimate

No car is more aristocratic, luxurious—more beautiful in line and finish.

It is mechanically perfect. The sturdiest made, and therefore, the ultimate car.

Most Stearns owners have owned other makes. It has seemed natural for them to progress gradually through varying grades of quality until they reached the Stearns—the ultimate of excellence. But once Stearns owners, they have settled down into a contented pride of ownership.

Licensed under the Selden patent.
Member A. L. A. M.

THE F. B. STEARNS CO.

Cleveland, Ohio

"The White Line Radiator belongs to the Stearns"

The first Derby made in America was a

C & K

A MAN'S hat should be the best that his purse will allow. In his choice of a Knapp-Felt his judgment is supported by the noticeable elegance of style; the superb quality of materials and workmanship; the steadfast Cronap dye—absolutely fast color and proof against the hardest conditions of weather and climate, rain or shine; and the variety of smart shapes, which affords an opportunity for the exercise of personal preference in the selection of a properly becoming hat.

Knapp-Felt Derbies and Soft Hats are made in two grades, Six Dollars and Four Dollars. They are sold by the best dealers everywhere—those who take pride in furnishing to their patrons properly selected, well-fitted hats of unusual value.

Your newspaper probably has the announcement of a hatter who sells Knapp-Felts.

Write for THE HATMAN

THE CROFUT & KNAPP COMPANY

842 Broadway, New York

Are You Aware that the Melodies of the Old Masters are Placed Within Your Reach by



The "CECILIAN" Piano

Wouldn't you appreciate, at the close of a strenuous day, the rest that comes from enjoying music such as your mood would dictate?

Perhaps all alone enjoying some familiar song or Hymn of your childhood: or surrounded by your friends and neighbors, delight them with a "dreamy nocturne" from Chopin, or charm with the matchless majesty of Liszt—or possibly something from the latest opera.

That you have been denied the advantage of a musical education matters not at all, for this is a piano

That Any One Can Play

Its metal mechanism, scientifically constructed, so simple and easy to operate, yields to your every mood and enables you to produce music just as you would enjoy it. Won't you allow us to demonstrate its many superior qualities to you?

We will mail you free, a little book which fully illustrates and describes the **Cecilian** Piano. Won't you send for this book?

The Farrand Company, Dept. E, Detroit, Michigan

EQUIP YOUR CAR

with the tires and rims that have been awarded the great National Endorsement of the year—

"Firestone" TIRES AND DEMOUNTABLE RIMS

Each year the motoring world turns to the three great automobile shows, two in New York and one in Chicago, for their endorsement of the latest and best in motor cars and tire equipment.

This year Firestone tire equipment, although commanding a little higher price than the ordinary because of its superior quality, has been awarded this great national endorsement:

More Firestone Non-Skid Tires were used on exhibit cars than any other non-skid tire of any kind.

Three times as many Firestone Side-Wire Tires as nearest competition.

More exhibitors showed Firestone quick-detachable Demountable Rims than any others of ANY sort, and practically as many as showed ALL COMPETING DEMOUNTABLE RIMS COMBINED.

No more sweeping endorsement of quality against price has ever been offered to the motoring public. No better equipment for **your own** car can be secured at **any** price than Firestone Tires and Demountable Rims.

Firestone Tires for all standard rims, in plain and non-skid treads. Firestone Demountable Rims for all quick detachable or regular clincher tires

Send Now for Tire Equipment Book

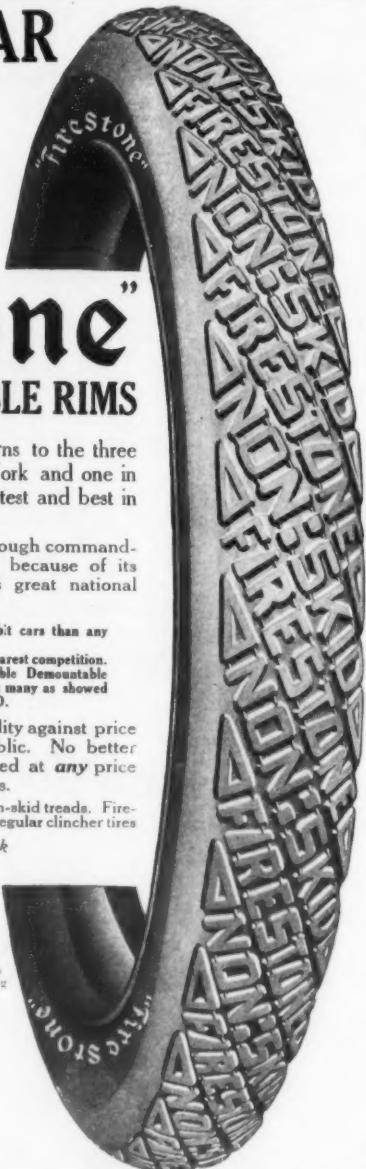
FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO.

"America's largest exclusive tire makers"

AKRON, OHIO

Branches, agencies and dealers everywhere

With Firestone Demountable Rims the motor is overtaken by tire trouble merely unlocks the rim carrying damaged tire and substitutes a spare rim with its already inflated tire.... No loss of time, annoying exertion or even tire-pumping.



IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

EVERYMAN'S CAR



The
BRUSH
\$485⁰⁰

F. O. B. Factory
Rumble seat and
tool box \$20 extra

Price low enough for *every* man
Quality high enough for *any* man

Don't get the idea that you are getting a better automobile if you pay even \$200 or \$300 more for a big car cut down in size to sell at a comparatively low price. You will get more parts, 'tis true—also more trouble and expense.

The little troubles which are bound to develop in the ordinary automobile, never appear in the Brush. There are no complicated parts to get out of order—nothing about it that every man cannot understand. That's why you see it *on the road—not in the repair shop.*

In the Brush you will find a car so simple in design that all the parts can be made strong enough to stand as rough usage as any automobile in existence.

You will find the best of materials, each piece selected for the function it has to perform.

BRUSH RUNABOUT CO., 330 Baltimore Ave., DETROIT, MICH.
Licensed under Selden Patent

You will find the workmanship on the vital parts—the parts that mean the success or failure of an automobile—to be as good as on cars selling for ten times as much. Naturally, you will not find as much show, as much polish; but show and polish don't make the car run—and that's what interests the man who wants a car to use.

Don't understand by this that the car isn't well finished. In this respect, it compares favorably with the high-price cars; but we want to impress upon you especially the care we take with the parts that make the wheels go 'round.

If you are interested in an automobile of this kind which you can operate for one cent a mile, or less, write for illustrated literature and name of nearest dealer.



"Sampeck Clothes"
The Standard of America

THERE is something characteristic of vigorous young manhood about "Sampeck Clothes" that appeals very strongly to the young man, the business or the professional man.

¶ The idea back of "Sampeck Clothes" is to provide men and young men with fascinating garments, authentic in style and true in quality at a price not high.

¶ In "Sampeck Clothes" two indispensable features, style and quality, are combined, which make them the most fashionable clothes it is possible to design and produce even in Gotham, the city of skilled tailors and fastidious dressers.

¶ Booklet "B"—"Clothes of Today," free on request. A beautiful College poster in colors mailed on receipt of 25 cents.



SAMUEL W. PECK & CO.
806-808 Broadway, New York

The Seng Spring Turkish Rocker is the Easiest Easy-Chair

The spring gives that restful, luxurious comfort you buy a rocker for—delightfully responsive to every motion. Makes the upholstery last longer.



Made at all prices by principal manufacturers—sold everywhere.

Look for the Seng trademark on the spring and be sure of

Comfort and Quality

You will enjoy our free booklet—"A Turkish Rocker and why." Send 2-cent stamp and we will include the famous Seng puzzle.

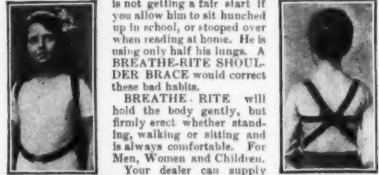
The Seng Co., 1461 Dayton St., Chicago, Ill.

SEN G SPRING
TRADE MARK

\$1 BREATHE-RITE \$1



That Little Boy of Yours



is not getting a fair start. If you allow him to sit hunched up in school, or stooped over when reading at home. He is using only half his lungs. A BREATHE-RITE SHOULDER BRACE will correct these bad habits.

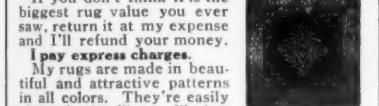
BREATHE-RITE will hold the body gently, but firmly erect, whether standing, walking, sitting and is always comfortable. For Men, Women and Children.

Young children especially

you, if he will not, send us One Dollar, \$1, once. If not satisfied money refunded. Send for illustrated booklet.

BREATHE-RITE MFG. CO., Room 1043, 45 W. 34th St., N. Y.

I will send this near Brussels Art Rug, size 9x6 ft.—that I sell direct \$3.50 from the factory on approval for \$3.50



If you don't think it is the biggest rug value you ever saw, return it at my expense and I'll refund your money.

I pay express charges. My rugs are made in beautiful and attractive patterns in all colors. They're easily cleaned—they'll wear like iron

—woven in one piece—both sides can be used.

Send for Art Catalog showing rugs in actual colors—it's free.

A post card saying "please send me your art catalog" and giving your name and address gets the catalog free. Send today.

ROBERT C. GREER, 984 Bourse Bldg., PHILADELPHIA

DINGEE Roses



Dingee Roses are positively the best grown. Sold on their own roots and warranted to grow. Plants sent to any point in United States and Canada. Safe arrival guaranteed.

Write for the

"DINGEE GUIDE TO ROSE CULTURE"

for 1910—the leading rose catalogue of America. 120 pages, beautifully illustrated. On the cover is a true picture of the marvelous new BLUE ROSE. Many other descriptions of all varieties. Tells how to grow all the best flower and vegetable seeds. Established 1850. 70 greenhouses; large acreage of the finest rose land in the country.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., West Grove, Pa.

THE "BEST" LIGHT



One burner will give as much light as ten ordinary oil lamps. 16 candle power electric bulb, 16 candle power gas jets or 5 acetylene gas jets. Costs 2 cents per week. Produces a pure, white, steady, safe light. Over 200 styles. Every lamp warranted. Agents wanted. Write for catalog.

THE BEST LIGHT CO., 7-35 E. 5th St. Canton, O.

AGENTS 200% PROFIT

Handy, Automatic HAME FASTENER

Do away with old hame strap. Horse owners and teamsters will be won over them. Fasten easily with gloves on. Outwear the harness. Money back if not satisfactory. Write today for confidential terms to agents.

F. Thomas Mfg. Co., 729 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio

Safety Razor Blades 2 1/2 c

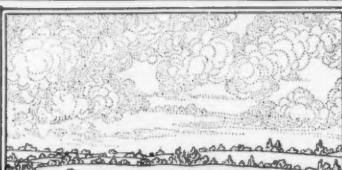
Made Sharper Than New 2 1/2 EA.

Exclusive process; no wearing down; double edge blades a specialty. Send one dozen blades and 20¢ today and save 70¢.

SHARPEEDGE COMPANY, Woodmont, Conn.

Collier's for Easter

Saturday, March 19, 1910



COVER DESIGN

by C. B. FALLS

"HER INFINITE VARIETY"

Frontispiece in Color by HARRISON FISHER

EDITORIALS

SPRING'S SARABAND

Poem by BLISS CARMAN

With a Decoration by Ernest Haskell

WITH BRIDGES BURNED

Story by REX BEACH

With Illustrations in Color by Karl Anderson

THE COURTING OF WIDOW DUNNE

Verse and Sketches in Color by RODNEY THOMSON

A SLAYER OF SERPENTS

Story by MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

With Illustrations in Color by Alice Barber Stephens

PATIENCE

Full-Page Drawing by CHARLES DANA GIBSON

A SONG OF MISS SPRINGTIME

Poem by

FRANK L. STANTON

With a Decoration by Charles Sarks

WEDDING BELLS

Double Page in Color by W. DENDY SADLER

THE JOY-DANCE OF SPRING

A Letter from the Japanese Schoolboy by

WALLACE IRWIN

With Illustrations by Rollin Kirby

RESURGAM

Poem by THEODOSIA GARRISON

With a Decoration by Franklin Booth

THE CONSPIRACY

Sketches in Color by

J. L. S. WILLIAMS

ARCHIBALD'S BENEFIT

Story by

P. G. WODEHOUSE

With Illustrations in Color by Wallace Morgan

HIS FIRST ATTEMPT

Sketches in Color by

GEORGE WRIGHT

EASTER IN THE CITY

Poem by

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

With a Decoration in Color by Frederick Bower

Volume XLIV

Number 26

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-430 West Thirteenth St.; London, 5 Henrietta St., Covent Garden, W. C.; Toronto, Ont., The Colonial Building, 47-51 King Street West. For sale by Saarbach's News Exchange in the principal cities of Europe and Egypt; also by Daw's, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, London, W. C. Copyright 1910 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, \$5.50 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, \$6.80 a year. Christmas and Easter special issues, 25 cents.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Change of Address—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber.



BOSTON, MASS.

United States Hotel Beach, Lincoln and Kingston Sts. 360 rooms. Suites with bath. A. P. \$3. E. P. \$1 up. In center of business section.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Chicago Beach Hotel 51st Boul. and Lake Shore. American or European plan. Only 10 minutes' ride from city, near South Park System; 450 rooms, 250 private baths. Illus. Booklet on request.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

WHY PAY EXTRA VAGANT HOTEL RATES? The CLENDENING 198 W. 103d St., N. Y. Select, Home-like, Economical \$1.50 daily and up. WRITE FOR BOOKLET B WITH MAP OF CITY.

PITTSBURG, PA.

Hotel Henry 5th Ave. & Smithfield St. In center of business section. Modern fireproof. European plan \$1.50 and up. E. E. Bonneville, Mgr.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Hotel Savoy "12 stories of solid comfort." Concrete, steel and marble. In fashionable shopping district. 210 rooms, 135 baths. Eng. grill. \$1.50 up.



Information regarding tours to any part of the world will be furnished free upon request by letter to COLLIER'S TRAVEL DEPARTMENT 420 W. 13th Street, New York



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SWITZERLAND
is Included in the European Tour You Are Planning

We can help you with practical suggestions and expert advice. No fees. A post card will bring you "HOW TO SEE SWITZERLAND" free of charge. We will send it to you and batch of entertaining travel literature, including the "Complete Hotel Guide" of 222 pp. for 10c. postage.

SWISS FEDERAL RAILROAD 241 FIFTH AVE.
NEW YORK

ITALY — OBERAMMERGAU
Sail for Naples, April 6th

The Passion Play, May 16th

Send for Announcement and Map.

Bureau of University Travel, 5 Trinity Place, Boston, Mass.

Summer School in Mechanic Arts

MECHANICAL | ELECTRICAL | ENGINEERING

STATE UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY

F. Paul Anderson, Director

Eight weeks of Summer School—Saturday, June 11th to Saturday, August 6th—for mechanics who have not time for a complete college course, yet who wish to get some laboratory and drafting room experience for their work; for those who wish to supplement their study with some experimental work and to obtain closer personal supervision; for young men who wish to shorten the time spent in college by doing the shop work during the summer; for teachers who wish to study manual training; and for boys who wish to spend part of the vacation in interesting work. There are no requirements for entrance. For further details address

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In business, political or social life YOU can acquire a perfect memory. Send today for my free booklet that tells how my system will enable you to remember names, faces, facts, figures, anecdotes—to focus your mind instantly on points of a business deal—to overcome bashfulness—speak extemporaneously—converse in a natural, interesting way that wins friends—to gain the habit of logical thinking—memorize studies, for examinations, etc.

The Dickson Method has been highly recommended by

Albert Hubbard, Prof.

David Swing, Dr.

Latson and thou-

sands of others.

This valuable book

FREE. Fill out and

mail coupon, or send

postal to

DICKSON

MEMORY SCHOOL

771 Auditorium Building

CHICAGO



Stop Forgetting



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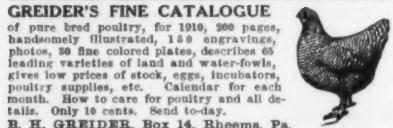
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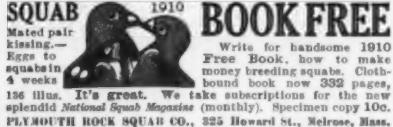
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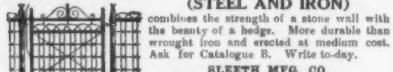
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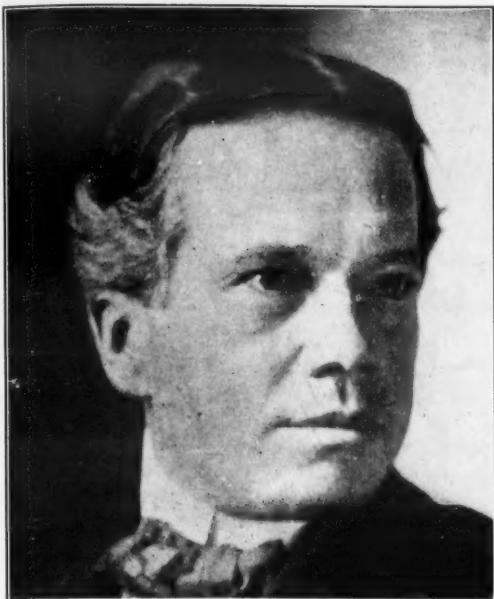
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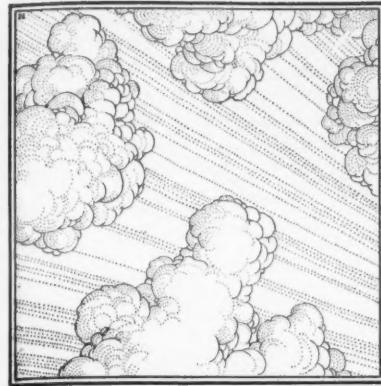
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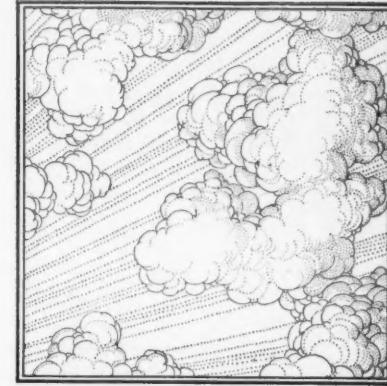
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

P. F. COLLIER & SON, *Publishers*

Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street, New York

March 19, 1910



"A Man's World"

THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION," wrote HENRIK IBSEN, "which is impending in Europe, is chiefly concerned with the future of the workers and the women. It is for this I hope and wait, and for this I shall labor with all my power." Numerous are those who have prophesied that the great factor in the future evolution of society must be the ascent of woman. She will not ascend, however, without forcing man to make the climb along with her. Woman has in the past had to live up to standards fixed by herself, and also to standards fixed by man. Men in the future will have to live up not only to standards of their own but to standards also held out to them by women. All who have the opportunity we advise to see RACHEL CROTHERS's play "A Man's World." It is one of the shadows which an approaching order casts ahead. It reflects, with truth and conviction, some of the social ideals up to which awakening woman is determined man shall live. Far down go these words of Professor CLARK: "It is one of the enigmas of modern life that the literal striking of a woman, however lightly, should brand the offender as a social outcast, while, in an economic way, the deadliest blows may be struck at her with impunity," and for the word "economic" might be substituted "social," or any term broad enough to cover the remoter consequences of our standards and our acts. We are coming to understand better than ever before that he who injures one woman, man, or child, injures humanity as a whole. Centuries of phrase-making have taught us to regard certain evils as necessary and eternal, and LECKY's famous eloquent chapter on the submerged women still often takes the place of thought. The change now is rapid. The attitude of the medical profession toward these evils has altered strikingly in the last ten years. A new era is marked by such educational campaigns as have been carried on lately by the "Ladies' Home Journal," the Indiana State Board of Health, and many other agencies, for a more firm and honest facing of these truths. We are no longer satisfied to treat the universe as if it were incapable of change. Improvement there must be; and woman's enlarged rôle in the world means that for some of the improvements sacrifice will be exacted from men, or at least what they may imagine, in temporary regret, to be sacrifice. Miss CROTHERS's play merely tells the story of one woman, in one situation, of one child, and one man; but no one can see it without being forced to think of the spiritual conquests to which man is invited, and which, more and more rapidly, he will be forced to make. The heroism of the race has hitherto gone largely into slaughter, and goes now largely into the cost of keeping up machines for slaughter; but there are other tasks a-plenty for which heroes are required. The most useful of all heroism is the heroism of self-control; the power and the courage which enable us to bend our own impulses toward the general welfare and the progress of the race. This is the kind of courage that women, more and more, will demand of men.

Youth

HAT JANE ADDAMS has written in her latest, and surely her loveliest, book, "The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets," ought to be imperishable. Professor JAMES has said of the book:

"Certain pages seem to me to contain quite immortal statements of the fact that the essential and perennial function of the youth period is to affirm authentically the value and charm of life. She simply inhabits reality, and everything she says necessarily expresses its nature. She can't help writing truth."

Somber thoughts come oftener and stay longer than those thoughts that give us the glimpse of wings. Long hours of routine work, the fatigue that reaches down into the depths of being, the slow stain of life itself, the spreading sadness, these, for many, envelop the years, like summer mist the hills. From these humanity would turn to some bright evangel, some message of cheer, or, at least, some comforter who will relieve the spirit. This book of Miss ADDAMS can ease the loneliness of the passing days. It reveals one brooding over universal sadness and reaching toward it with her love.

1 March

Will It Die?

TO BRING THE SPELLING-BEE back into general use is the occasional proposal of more than one school superintendent. The rising generation is by many thought to be learning none too well how to spell. Ask the nearest instructor of college freshmen. Many a boy reaches the college age without having mastered the mechanical necessities of composition—spelling and punctuation. The spelling-bee attempts to superimpose on the routine task of study the friendly rivalry of a contest. The appointment of "captains," the choice of sides, the lines of spellers, the schoolmaster with his book, the gradual elimination, the prolonged duels, the final slip (often on a simple word), and the ultimate victory—all this had its dramatic as well as its educative value. The old singing-school of our forefathers has apparently forever vanished. The spelling-bee can not die without regret.

Adornment

DO WOMEN DRESS FOR MEN or for one another? is among the permanent and never decided questions. The ordinary observer is puzzled by the idea that men prefer simplicity, and yet women's dress and headgear often make for the ornate. As long ago as the days of "The Tatler," STEELE observed:

"It may indeed tempt a man to steal a woman, but never to love her. . . . If ladies will take my word for it (and as they dress to please men, they ought to consult our fancy rather than their own in this particular), I can assure them, there is nothing touches our imagination so much as a beautiful woman in a plain dress. . . .

"This, I know, is a very harsh doctrine to womankind, who are carried away with everything that is showy, and with what delights the eye, more than any other species of living creatures whatsoever."

STEELE'S remarks are about as untrue as most classic essays on the character of women, but, after all reservations are made for exaggeration, it remains true that the elaboration of fashion appeals to no taste in men and probably to no taste in women either. The real explanation seems to be that these extravagances are forced by the leading dressmakers of Paris, whose power is more absolute in one world than is that of Mr. MORGAN or Mr. ROCKEFELLER in another.

Foundations of Hope

ASTER COMES at a season when existence to most temperaments seems richest, when the earth is breaking into new life, and when the idea of immortality is emphasized not only by nature but by centuries of association with the day and the season. The spirit of Easter, however, like the spirit of hope and worth in general, does not mean that the outlook is plain and easy. As BROWNING says in "Easter-Day":

"How very hard it is to be
A Christian! Hard for you and me—
Not the mere task of making real
That duty up to its ideal,
Effecting thus, complete and whole,
A purpose of the human soul—
For that is always hard to do;
But hard, I mean, for me and you
To realize it, more or less,
With even the moderate success
Which commonly repays our strife
To carry out the aims of life."

And the sole thing that I remark
Upon the difficulty, this:
We do not see it where it is,
At the beginning of the race;
As we proceed, it shifts its place,
And where we looked for crowns to fall,
We find the tug's to come—that's all."

Cheerfulness and hope will never be on a very solid foundation unless they are built upon the concession that life is hard, and that the most difficult struggle is worth while if it is rewarded with any improvement.

9

Eggless Cake

TO TOM THOMPSON of the Howard (Kansas) "Courant" belongs the credit of having opened the discussion of greater simplicity in cake making. "Last week," he says, "I wrote something about offering inducements for a recipe for an eggless cake, in this time of high-priced eggs. The paper hadn't been out an hour till folks began to telephone me recipes for eggless cakes. Even one bachelor telephoned me that there were two such recipes in the Baptist Ladies' Cook Book." There were some compensations, however, for Mr. THOMPSON's discomfiture. "Mrs. ELBA SMITH not only sent me a recipe, but also sent me a sample of the cake, and it was fine." One formula is one-half cupful of sugar, one-third cupful of water, one lump of butter the size of a hulled walnut; three-quarter cupful of flour; boil till it threads; then one-half teaspoonful of vanilla; beat until creamy. The lump of butter as large as a hulled walnut presents an obstacle in the way of the thrifty; but there are more points in favor of the eggless cake than the cost-saving feature. In Indiana a restaurant keeper bought some cold storage eggs, and on one of them found a woman's name and address. When curiosity prompted him to investigate, he found that the name had been written on the egg three years ago. The outraged restaurant man told his grievance in a letter to Dr. HARVEY W. WILEY, and Dr. WILEY, according to current history, promptly placed the evidence in the hands of the sub-committee that is investigating cold-storage products.

The Needle's Eye

HOW MANY RICH MEN, in their relation to public affairs, are entirely untrammeled by their wealth? GIFFORD PINCHOT, RUDOLPH SPRECKELS, JAMES D. PHELAN, JAMES J. STORROW, EDWARD A. FILENE, WILLIAM KENT, CHARLES R. CRANE, W. R. NELSON—these men are supposed to be rich, and there are doubtless others as progressive and as wealthy; but out of a thousand millionaires how large a fraction will be found deciding social, political, and economic questions with fairness, unselfishness, and courage? We are not now speaking of aids to philanthropy and science. Some of our richest men, in those respects, have shown the greatest intelligence and progressiveness, and no doubt Mr. ROCKEFELLER's last gift may perhaps have consequences as admirable as those which followed the founding of the Rockefeller Institute. What we suggest in this paragraph is something very different, namely, political liberalism; and it seems to be the truth that the possession of money usually induces not only what is called conservatism, but also what might fairly be called cowardice, or selfishness, or a restricted moral horizon, in matters of political principle. "Privilege," said the Bishop of Durham, "if rightly interpreted, is a call to special devotion," and the dominant privilege in our day is the privilege of wealth.

In One Syllable

VERY SOON we rather expect to offer a systematic tabulation of what has been clearly proved in the Ballinger investigation. Meantime, requests pour in upon us from all sides, from persons who have not followed the controversy, to give them a summary of it in a few lines. Unfortunately, a series of acts extending over two years can not be quite so neatly condensed. Hereby, however, we reduce the charges to the most simple form of which we think them capable.

1. The only reason the Guggenheim-Morgan Syndicate did not some time ago acquire complete possession of the Cunningham coal lands in Alaska was that the persistent insubordination of GLAVIS made it impossible for Mr. BALLINGER to hand over these lands to the GUGGENHEIMS. The story of his effort to do so is absolutely conclusive. It includes his stopping the investigation of JONES; his stopping the investigation of GLAVIS; his acting as attorney for the CUNNINGHAM; his immediately obeying the orders of former Governor MOORE of the Cunningham group of claimants; his presentation to Mr. GARFIELD of a false affidavit by CLARENCE CUNNINGHAM, stating there was no relation between his group of claimants and the GUGGENHEIMS, or any other syndicate; his final attempt to rush the claims to patent, and his effort to have the law changed so as to favor the GUGGENHEIMS with no compensating return to the public. Many an individual, seeing this conspiracy to give away billions of dollars of wealth actually and incontrovertibly proved against BALLINGER, goes ahead and asks: "Well, is that all? Haven't you anything more definite?" This type of mind has such an idea of public service that it conceives of nothing being objectionable except crime, and the only class of crime it recognizes is that of the one-eyed Italian forger who stabs his sweetheart in the back.

2. Immediately after taking office, BALLINGER undertook to throw all water power open to the corporations. He became alarmed, and, in the endeavor to back water, told lies which have been proved on him by evidence that can not possibly be met.

3. Illustrations of his "respect for law," when it checks what he would call private enterprise, are too numerous to mention, but good examples

are found in the Des Chutes Railway case, where he grants a privilege to a road of which he was one of the incorporators; the Utah Fuel case, where he allows, by stipulation, a company to keep a vast amount of land fraudulently acquired; the Tahoe Valley contract, in which he endeavors to grant to a water-power company perpetual rights in a contract so ridiculously unfavorable to the Government as to be almost incredible; his being an attorney in the Wilson Coal case, which shows his general attitude toward legal safeguards where private individuals are endeavoring to secure parts of the public domain.

4. His untruthfulness can not be left out of the consideration of the above facts, and frequent instances of it can be found in almost all of those cases. This matter we shall explain later. The papers and news agencies who favor Mr. BALLINGER made a great deal out of the Ronalds letter incident. Rightly interpreted, this merely adds another illustration of Mr. BALLINGER'S mendacity and sly methods. The history is this: that influential publication, the "Outlook," began its treatment of the Ballinger situation with a correct view of what was at stake. BALLINGER took an article from that paper, marked the word "no" against three paragraphs, and sent it to his partner, RONALDS. RONALDS, seeing what was desired, wrote a letter to the "Outlook" based on these statements of BALLINGER'S, denying what was contained in the paragraphs so annotated by the Secretary. About the same time BALLINGER came to New York and met personally one of the editors of the "Outlook," who had been a classmate of his, and told him orally his version of the facts. Believing what BALLINGER said directly, and what he said through RONALDS, the "Outlook" shifted its position. It soon discovered, however, how mendacious the Secretary is, and it is now back again on the right track.

5. BALLINGER drew certain conservation bills for Mr. TAFT, which were introduced in Congress, and which contained such terrible jokers that as soon as these were exposed by PINCHOT and GARFIELD, the fraud was so obvious that the bills were at once reconstructed. In this connection may be recalled FRANCIS BACON'S words:

"If a man would cross a business that he doubts some other would handsomely and effectually move, let him pretend to wish it well, and move it himself in such sort as may foil it."

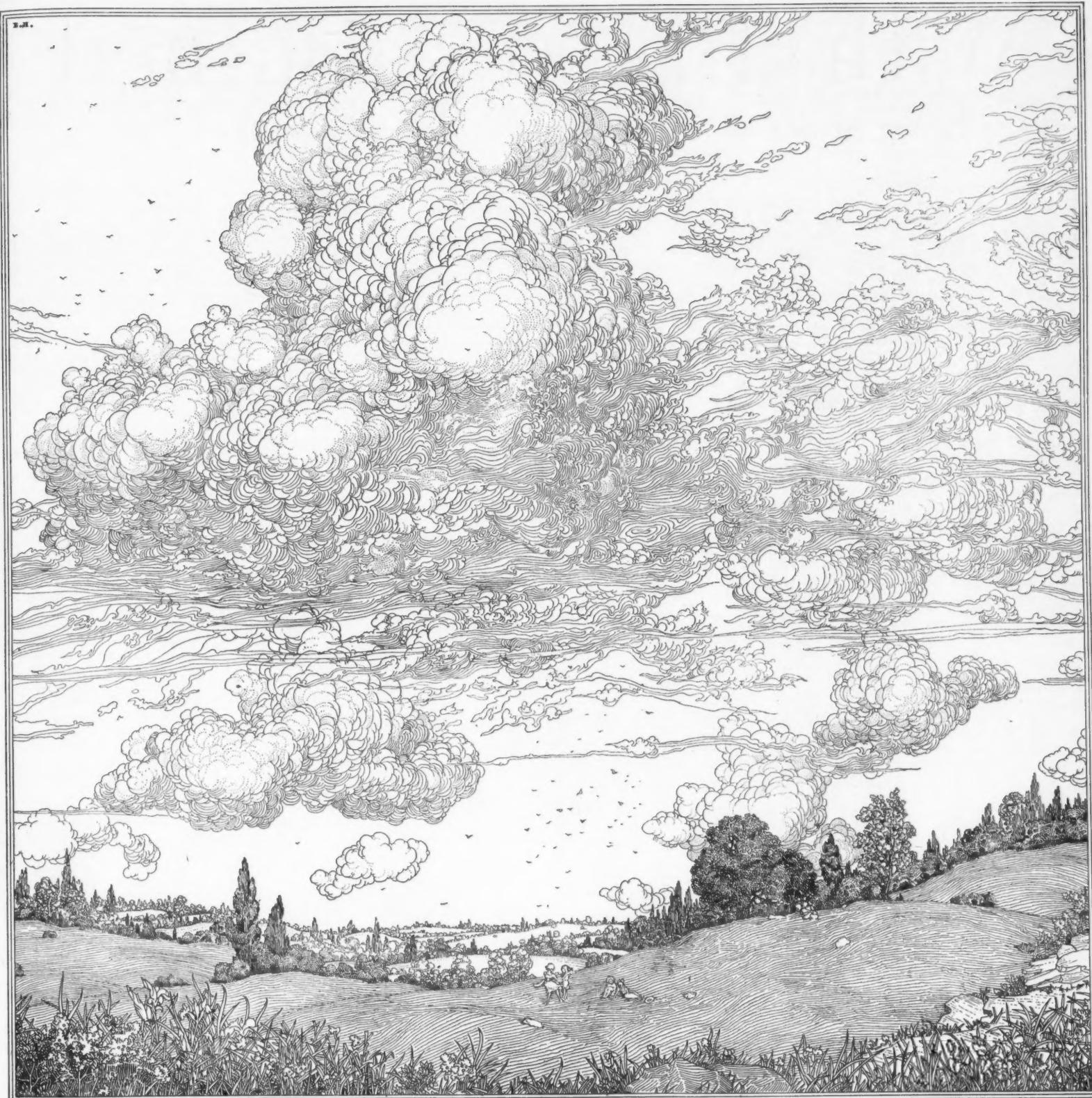
In the Hetch-Hetchy Valley matter we fear the Administration is about to make another break. The voice is the voice of BALLINGER, but the words are the words of HAMMOND and of the Spring Valley Water Company. By the way, an analogy might be drawn between the present intimacy of HAMMOND in the White House and the former intimacy of JACOB RIIS. It would be easy to draw an allegory from those two names. ROOSEVELT met many plutoerats who desired to meet him, but his intimate friends and companions were of another breed.

6. All of these instances of treachery to the public welfare are connected with a vicious political and business alliance. The ramifications of this alliance are too many to incorporate in a primer lesson like the present. Sufficient instances are given by Senator GUGGENHEIM'S protest to the President against the possible removal of DENNETT; BALLINGER'S plea to GLAVIS to go slow while he, BALLINGER, collected campaign funds; BALLINGER'S instructions that selections for office in his department were to be submitted to Postmaster-General HITCHCOCK, the Administration office broker; the removal of GARFIELD, when it was thoroughly understood he was to remain, because at the last moment the pressure of predatory interests working through HITCHCOCK was too strong to be resisted.

The above is a very sketchy story indeed, but it is the best we are able to do toward reducing to extreme simplicity a story which is long, manifold, technical, and intricate.

Civil Service

UNDER ALL PROGRESS in American government lies improvement in our civil service principles. We may pass as good laws as possible—they will accomplish little if they are to be executed by officials chosen for their hunger only; chosen by political machines organized on the principle of predatory bands, which encourage their members by distributing whatever booty they can get. Whatever can be done to set back civilization in this regard, FRANK HITCHCOCK'S domination of the Administration is now accomplishing. It shows in every part of the country, and now we have the interesting rumor that HITCHCOCK is a possibility for the Senate. WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE tells some interesting facts about Emporia, Kansas. The civil service examinations there, to choose men to take the census, were held on a certain day in February. *Before the papers got back from Washington* the list of those to whom the places were to go was published by the local Republican machine. In other words, the simple-minded common people, and some who thought themselves clever (including ourselves!), who yawned with approval when so much fuss was made over Mr. TAFT's putting the census officials on the civil service list, now find that great deed looking perilously like a bunco act. A practically meaningless examination, with essentially no competitive quality, leaves the machines, and King HITCHCOCK, as free as they could wish to distribute Government census positions among the faithful.



Drawn by ERNEST HASKELL

Spring's Saraband

By BLISS CARMAN

OVER the hills of April
With soft winds hand in hand,
Impassionate and dreamy-eyed,
Spring leads her saraband.
Her garments float and gather
And swirl along the plain,
Her headgear is the golden sun,
Her cloak the silver rain.

WITH color and with music,
With perfumes and with pomp,
By meadowland and upland,
By pasture, wood, and swamp,
With promise and enchantment
Leading her mystic mime,
She comes to lure the world anew
With lore as old as time.

QUICK lifts the marshy chorus
To transport, trill on trill;
There's not a rod of stony ground
Unanswering on the hill.
The brooks and little rivers
Dance down their wild ravines,
And children in the city squares
Keep time, to tambourines.

THE bluebird in the orchard
Is lyrical for her,
The starling with his meadow pipe
Sets all the wood astir,
The hooded white spring-beauties
Are curtsying in the breeze,
The blue hepaticas are out
Under the chestnut trees.

THE maple buds make glamour,
Viburnum waves its bloom,
The jonquils and the daffodils
Are risen from the tomb.
Satiety and treadmill
Have lost their wintry mold;
The commonplace seems paradise
Through veils of greening gold.

O HEART, hear thou the summons,
Put every grief away,
When all the motley masques of earth
Are glad upon a day.
Alack, that any mortal
Should less than gladness bring
Into the choral joy that sounds
The saraband of Spring!

With Bridges Burned

The Story of the Chicago Salesman, the London Contract, and the Wife at Home

LOUIS MITCHELL knew what it meant, even though the telegram was brief. He had been expecting it ever since the bottom dropped out of the steel business and prices tobogganed forty dollars a ton. Nevertheless, it came as a shock, for he had hoped the firm would keep him on in spite of hard times. He wondered if he had the makings of a good life insurance agent or if he had better "join out" with a medicine show—this message led him to think his talents lay along the latter line.

He had plenty of time to think it over, however, for it is a long jump from Butte to Chicago—but when he arrived he was certain of only one thing: he would not stand a cut in salary. Either Comer & Mathison would have to fire him outright, or keep him on at his present salary; he would not compromise as the other salesmen had done.

Twenty-five hundred a year is a liberal piece of money back East where they talk with a whine, but it is about equal to "no pair" in Montana. With two hundred dollars a month and a big expense account a young salesman may plow quite a furrow around Plymouth Rock, but out where they roll their r's he can't make a track. Besides the loss of prestige and all that, young Mitchell decided that he could not stand for a cut on the wife's account; she was too new, too wonderful; she admired him too greatly. Why, she might lose confidence in him if he took a step backward. No, if Comer & Mathison wanted to make any change, they would have to promote him. But ten minutes with the "old man" served to jar this satisfactory determination somewhat. Mr. Comer evidently had ideas of his own.

"Business is rotten. We've got to lay you off," he announced.

"But—I'm married," said the young man.

"So am I; so is Mathison; so are the rest of the fellows—"

"I can sell goods—"

"That's just it; we don't want you to. Conditions are so unsettled that we can't afford to let you. The less business we do, the fewer losses we stand to make. Good Lord, man, this is a panic year!"

"Yes, but—I'm married," repeated Mitchell blankly.

COMER shook his head. "We'd keep you in a minute if we could. You go home now and see the wife. Of course, if you could show us where you're worth it, we'd let you stay; but if not—" he shrugged. "I'll see you to-morrow."

Ordinarily Mitchell would not have allowed himself the extravagance of a cab, but to-day the cars were too slow. He wondered how the girl would take this, their first misfortune. But she divined the news even before he had voiced his exuberant greetings, and, leading him into the neat little front room, she curled up at his side and demanded the details. He saw that she was wide-eyed and rather white. When he had finished she inquired bravely:

"What is your plan?"

"I haven't any."

"Nonsense!"

"What can I do? I don't know anything except the steel business. I can lick my weight in wildcats on my own ground—" The wife nodded her blond head in agreement, "but that lets me out. I can sell steel because I know it from the ground up; it's my specialty."

"Oh, you mustn't think about making a change."

"Why, I've handled more big jobs than any man of my age on the road, and yet—I'm fired." He sighed wearily. "I built that big pipe line in Portland, I sold those smelters in Anaconda, and the cyanide tanks for the Highland Girl. Yes, and others, too. I know all about the smelter business, but that's no sign I can sell electric belts or corn salve. We're up against it, I guess."

"Have people quit building smelters?"

"They sure have—during this panic. There's nothing doing anywhere."

By REX BEACH

Illustrated by Karl Anderson

The girl thought for a moment before saying: "The last time you were in you told me about some Western mining men who had gone to South Africa—"

"Sure! To the Rand! They've made good, too; whooping big operators."

"You said there was a large contract of some sort coming up in London."

"Large! Well, rather! The Robinson-Ray job. It's the biggest ever, in my line. They're going to rebuild those plants the Boers destroyed. I heard all about it in Montana."

"Well!" Mrs. Mitchell spoke with finality. "That's the place for you. Get the firm to send you."

"Um-m! I thought about that, but it scared me out. It's too big. Why, it's a three-million-dollar job. You see we've never landed a large foreign contract in this country as yet." Mitchell sat up suddenly. "Say! this panic might—" then he relaxed. "Oh, what's the use! If there was a chance the firm wouldn't send me. Comer would go himself—he'd take the whole outfit over for a job like that. Besides, it's too big a thing for our people, anyhow!"

alone that she advanced; Mitchell found that she knew almost as much about the steel business as he did, and when she had finished he arose and kissed her.

"You have put new heart into me anyhow. If you're game to do your share, I'll try it out. But remember it may mean all we've got in the bank, and—" He looked at her darkly.

"It's the biggest chance we'll ever have," said the girl. "It's worth it. Don't let's wait to get rich until we are old."

When Mr. Comer returned from lunch, he found his youngest salesman waiting, and inside of ten minutes had learned what Mitchell had on his mind. With two words Comer blew out the gas.

"You're crazy," said he.

"Am I? It's worth trying."

"In the first place, no big foreign job ever came to America—"

"I know all that. It's time we got one."

"In the second place, Comer & Mathison are jobbers."

"I'll get a special price from Carnegie."

"In the third place, it would cost a barrel of money to send a man to England."

Mitchell swallowed hard—"I'll pay my own way."

Mr. Comer regarded the speaker with genuine astonishment.

"You'll pay your way? Why, you haven't got any money."

"I've got a thousand dollars—or the wife has. It's what I gave her when we were married."

"It would take five thousand."

"I'll do it on one. Yes, and I'll come back with that job. This panic makes the thing possible, don't you see? And I'm the one man to turn the trick; it's my line. I'll see the Carnegie people at Pittsburgh. If they make the right price I'll ask you for a letter, and that's all you'll have to do."

"What sort of a letter?"

"Stating that I am your general sales manager."

The steel merchant laughed shortly.

"Oh, I only want it for this London trip; I won't use it except as a credential. I've got to go armed, you understand. If I don't land that Robinson-Ray contract, Mr. Comer, I won't come back—I couldn't afford this. Maybe I'll drive a bus—I hear they have a lot of them in London."

"Suppose, for instance, you should get the job, on a profitable basis, the biggest job this concern ever had and one of the biggest ever let anywhere—" Mr. Comer's brow was wrinkled humorously. "What would you expect out of it?"

MITCHELL grinned. "Well, if I signed all those contracts as your general sales manager, I'd probably form the habit."

"There is nothing modest about you," mused the elder man.

"That's what! I've either got to be fired or promoted. If I get that job I'll leave it up to you to do what's right in the way of salary. I won't ask any questions."

"The whole thing is utterly absurd. You haven't a chance! But—Wait!" Mr. Comer pressed a button on his desk. "We'll talk with Mathison."

Louis Mitchell took the night train for Pittsburgh. He was back in three days, and that afternoon Mr. Comer, in the privacy of his own office, dictated a letter of which there was no carbon. He gave it to the young man with his

own hands, and with these words: "You'd better think it over, my boy. It's the most idiotic thing I ever heard of. There isn't a chance in a million, and it won't do you any good to fail."

But Mitchell smiled. "I can't fail—I'm married." Then, when the other seemed unimpressed by this course of reasoning, he added, as if to remove all further doubt: "I guess you never saw my wife."

It was only to her that he told of the battle he had fought in Pittsburgh and of how the mill people had laughed at him and refused to take him seriously at first, looking upon him as a mild-mannered lunatic.



A clerk staggered into the room with an armful of blue-prints

Mrs. Mitchell's eyes were as round as buttons.

"Three million dollars' worth of steel in one contract! Do you think you could land it if you went?"

"It's my line of work. I'll bet I know more about cyanide tanks than any salesman in Europe, and if I had a decent price to work on—"

"Then it's the chance we've been waiting for." The girl scrambled to her feet and, fetching a chair, began to talk earnestly, rapidly. She talked for a long time, until the man's gray despondency gave way to her own optimism. Nor was it idle theory

"But I got my price," he concluded, "and it sure looks good to me. Now for the painful details."

"How long will you be gone?" she inquired.

"I can't stay more than a month, the bank-roll is too small."

"Oo-oo-h! London is a long way off." The girl's voice broke plaintively and his own misgivings took fire at the note.

"If I fail, as they all feel sure I will, what then? I'll be out of a job. I'll be a joke in the steel business. I'll be broke. What will you do?"

HE gave him a ravishing, dimpled smile, and her eyes were brave again. "There are always the department stores." In a high, querulous tone she cried: "Ca-a-sh!" Then laughed aloud at his expression. "Oh, it wouldn't hurt me any, but—you won't fail—you can't—we're going to be rich. Now, we'll divide our grand fortune." She produced a roll of money from her purse and took four twenty-dollar bills from it.

"Eighty dollars?" he queried.

"It's more than enough for me. You will be back in a month." She thrust the remaining notes into his hand. "Oh, it's our one great glorious chance. Don't you understand?"

Faith, hope, and enthusiasm, the three graces of salesmanship, thrive best in bright light; in the gray gloom of a foggy morning they are feeble and pallid. Only for the girl's light-hearted chatter, young Mitchell would have wavered when it came time to leave on the next day. It was a far cry to London, and, as Comer had said, there wasn't one chance in a million for success. He began to weaken and to doubt his own ability, but the girl seemed to feel that her lord was bound upon some flaring triumph. At the station her face was wreathed in hopefulness. Her blue eyes were brimming with excitement. She was rippling, smiling; she patted his arm and hugged it to her. For one moment only, at parting, she clung to him wildly, with all her woman's strength, then, as the warning cry sounded, she kissed him and fairly thrust him aboard the Pullman. He did not dream of the hopeless misery gnawing at her.

As the train pulled out he ran back to the observation car to wave one last farewell, and saw her clinging to the iron fence, sobbing wretchedly; a desolate, weak little girl-wife mastered by her myriad fears. The sight of that slim, forlorn figure raised a lump in the young husband's throat and caused his eyes to grow wet.

"Poor little thoroughbred," he said half aloud. "I just can't lose, that's all."

The lump was still there when the luncheon call came, and he dined upon it, so to speak, remarking to himself that this augured well for an economical trip.

Away from the heat of his wife's enthusiasm, he looked at the matter coldly, and it made him rather sick. If only the firm had sent him out; if only he had something to fall back upon in case of failure. But he would not have a cent. He had been so fired with the idea that he had taken a gambler's chance and the firm had called him. There was nothing to do now but to go in and win; there was no turning back. His bridges had been burned.

When one puts a race-horse on the track, the animal should be in good condition. He should have the best there is in the stable; he should be well fed, well groomed, well handled. A doped pony can not run, a worried salesman can not score.

There was no better room on the *Lucania* than Louis Mitchell's, there was nothing on the ship that he denied himself. Every morning he took his exercise, every evening a rub-down. He trained like a fighter, and when he landed he was fit, his muscles were hard, his stomach strong, his brain clear. He went first-class from Liverpool to London. He put up at the Metropole in luxurious quarters. When forced to think of the nine hundred and twenty, which had shrunk amazingly already, he argued that it had gone to buy condition powders.

On the way over he had learned all there was to learn in a general way about the proposed Robinson-Ray plant. There were to be fifteen batteries of cyanide tanks, two high, eighty-four in all, supported by steel sub and superstructures; the work to be completed at Krugersdorp, twenty miles out of Johannesburg, South Africa. The address of the company was No. 42½ Threadneedle Street. Threadneedle Street was somewhere in London, England.

There were other African contracts in the air, but he had selected this one, so he centered his forces upon it. Once he had taken a definite scent his

earlier trepidations vanished. He became obsessed by a joyous, volatile, unceasing energy that would not let him rest.

First, he fattened himself for the fray with a hearty dinner, then, as it was Saturday night, he strove to get acquainted. The nervous force within him needed outlet, but he was frowned upon at every quarter. Even the waiter made it patent that his own social position would not permit of the slightest intimacy with chance guests of the hotel. He spent the evening at the Empire and the next morning on top of a bus, laying himself open to the advances of anybody who would pay him the slightest attention. But he was ignored; even the driver scorned him and spoke a foreign language. Sunday afternoon, like a wise general, he reconnoitered No. 42½ Threadneedle Street, noting the lay of the land and deciding upon modes of transportation. In view of that moth-eaten nine hundred and twenty he chose a Cannon Street bus, fare "tuppence."

Garrulity is a disease that gnaws inward with restraint, and so it was that when Sunday night came Mitchell was ready to fare forth with gun and mask,



He flipped her a gold sovereign and adroitly drew her out

to take conversation away from anybody who had it to spare.

He was up early, had breakfasted, and was at 42½ Threadneedle Street promptly at nine, beating the janitor by twenty minutes. During the next hour and a half he gleaned considerable information regarding British business methods, the while he cracked his heels together on the sidewalk.

AT NINE-THIRTY he observed a scouting party of dignified office boys approaching. At nine-thirty-five there came the main army of clerks, only they were not clerks at all, but "clarks"; very impressive gentlemen wearing silk hats, gloves, sticks, and sack coats. At this same time, evidently by appointment, came the char-women, "char" being spelled "scrub," which showed him that the *n* is silent where pure English is used.

After the arrival of the head "clarks" and stenographers, at nine-forty-five, there ensued fifteen minutes of guarded conversation in front of the offices, during which the public issues of the day were settled and the nation's policies outlined. At ten o'clock the offices were formally opened, and at ten-thirty a reception was tendered to the managers, who arrived dressed as for any well-conducted afternoon function. To one accustomed to the feverish football methods of American business life, it was all vastly edifying and instructive, even soothing, albeit the press avoided Mitchell as if fearful of contamination.

Upon entering 42½ Threadneedle Street, he was halted by an imperious office boy to whom he gave his card with a request that it be handed to Mr. Peebleby. He seated himself, and for an hour witnessed a parade of unsmiling, silk-hatted gentlemen pass in and out of the regions forbidden to him. Growing impatient, at length, he inquired of the boy:

"Is somebody dead around here or is this a convention of visiting aldermen?"

"I beg pardon?" The boy was polite, even if superior.

"I say, what's the idea of all the glad rags?"

The youth's expression changed to one of distinct frigidity.

"I mean the parade clothes. Are these fellows minstrel men or pallbearers?"

THE other smiled indulgently now, and turned away, whereupon Mitchell took him by the arm.

"Look here, sonny, I guess there is a lot of information coming to both of us. Who are those well-dressed gentlemen I see promenading back and forth?"

"Those are representatives of the firms we do business with, sir."

"Is this a national holiday?"

"No, sir."

"You say they are salesmen?"

"Yes, sir; some of them."

"To see Mr. Peebleby about the new construction work, I dare say?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Ah! So they're getting the edge on me."

"I beg pardon?"

"Never mind; I merely wanted to explain that I left my olive spats in my hat-box and had my shoes shined this morning, which made me forget my walking-stick, but you're a nice little fellow and we're going to get along well."

By now the lad was growing alarmed.

"I've come all the way from America," Mitchell ran on soothingly, "to hire an office boy. I've heard so much about English office boys that I thought I'd run over and get one. Happen to know of one who'd like to go back to America and become my partner?"

The boy rolled his eyes.

"You are ragging me, sir."

"Indeed, I am not."

"I—I—How much do you pay, sir?"

"Twenty-five dollars a week," Mitchell lied unblushingly. "That's five 'pun' in your money. Meanwhile I have some business with Mr. Peebleby." He produced an American silver dollar, at which the boy hazarded the opinion that Mr. Peebleby might be at leisure if Mr. Mitchell had another card.

Show me the trail and I'll That's a way we have in

America."

A moment later he was knocking at a door emblazoned, "Director-General," and without awaiting an invitation, he walked in. Before the astonished Mr. Peebleby could expostulate, he had introduced himself, and was telling his mission.

Fortunately for Mitchell, all Englishmen are not without a sense of humor. The announcement that this young man had come all the way from Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A., to bid on the Krugersdorp work struck Mr. Peebleby as irresistibly funny. Not only was the idea in itself laughable, but that this beardless youth should undertake to figure on a contract of such gigantic proportions quite convulsed the Director-General. He smiled broadly—then, seeing his dignity jeopardized, announced with finality that the proposition was absurd, and he had no time to discuss it.

"I have come for that job and I am going to take it back with me," Mitchell promptly averred. "I know more about this class of work than any salesman on the road, and I'm going to build you the finest set of cyanide tanks any man ever had clustered around him."

"May I ask where you obtained this comprehensive knowledge of tank construction?" inquired the other.

"Sure!" Mitchell ran through a list of jobs with which the Director-General could not have been unfamiliar. He mentioned work that caused Peebleby to regard him more respectfully. For a time questions and answers flew back and forth.

"I tell you, this is my line," Mitchell declared at length. "I'll read any blue-prints you can offer. I'll answer any queries you can formulate. I am an accredited representative of a big concern, and I am entitled to a chance to figure, at least."

"To be sure!" agreed the other reluctantly. "Well, I'm very busy, and I dare say that is the quickest way to end the discussion. Of course, it is an utter waste of time, but if you wish the prints, you shall have them." He pushed a button. Five minutes

Collier's

later a clerk staggered into the room with an armful of blue-prints that caused Mitchell to gasp.

"The bid must be in Thursday at ten-thirty," Peebleby announced.

"Good Lord! That's only three days, and there seems to be a dray load of those drawings."

"I said it was a waste of time. You should have come sooner."

Mitchell ran through the pile with dismay. There were drawings of tanks, substructures and superstructures in bewildering profusion, and in every phase of construction; enough to frighten a skilled engineer. Until now he had never grasped the full magnitude of this work. Why, the job was even bigger than he had thought. He had never figured anything like it. There was a week's hard, constant labor before him, and Thursday was but three days off. He began to weaken—it was all so utterly hopeless. The time was too frightfully short. It was a physical impossibility even to formulate an intelligent proposition in that length of time. And then he remembered that wretched, golden-haired girl clinging to the iron fence in the Pennsylvania depot, and gathered the rolls up into his arms.

"At ten-thirty, Thursday," he said.

"Ten-thirty sharp."

"Thank you."

His arms ached and his knees were trembling before he reached the street. When he tried to board a bus he was waved away, so, calling a cab, he piled his blue-prints inside and then clambered in on top of them. He was badly frightened.

TO THIS day the sight of a blue-print gives Louis Mitchell a peculiar nausea and a fluttering, hopeless sensation about the heart. At three o'clock the next morning he felt his way blindly to his bed and toppled upon it, falling straightway into a slumber through which he was tortured by monotonous, maddening wastes of blue and white, over which wormed hissing, serpent-like rows of figures, interminable, unending, rows and rows and rows of them.

He was up with the dawn and at it again, but by four that afternoon he was too dazed and exhausted to continue. His eyes were playing him tricks, the room was whirling, his hand was shaking until his figures rocked drunkenly across the sheets of paper. Ground plans, substructures, superstructures, were jumbled into a frightful tangle. He wanted to yell. Instead he flung the drawings about the room, then stamped upon them hysterically and rushed out. Downstairs he went, all ashake, and devoured a table d'hôte dinner like a wild animal. He washed it down with a bottle of red wine, smoked a long cigar, then went to bed and slept like a dead man, amid the scattered blue-prints. This time he removed his clothes.

He arose with the sun, clear-headed, calm. All day he worked like a machine, increasing his speed as the hours flew. He took care to eat and drink and to smoke at regular intervals, although he did not leave his room. By dark he had much of the task behind him, by midnight he began to have hope, toward dawn he saw the end, and when daylight came he collapsed.

HE HAD deciphered the tank plan and superstructure on forty-five sets of blue-prints, had formulated a proposition, exclusive of substructure, basing a price per pound on the American market then ruling, f.o.b. tidewater, New York, and he had the proposition in his pocket when he tapped on the ground-glass door of Mr. Peebleby's office at ten-twenty-nine Thursday morning.

The Director-General of the great Robinson-Ray Syndicate seemed mildly surprised to learn that the young American had formulated a bid in this short time, then requested him, somewhat absent-mindedly, to leave it on his desk where he would look it over at his leisure.

"Just a moment," said his caller. "I'm going to sit down and talk to you again. How long have you been using cyanide tanks, Mr. Peebleby?"

"Ever since they were adopted." Mr. Peebleby was visibly annoyed.

"Well, I can give you a lot of information about them."

The Director-General raised his brows haughtily.

"Ah! You have suggestions and amendments to make, no doubt."

"I have."

"In all my experience I never sent out a blueprint that some youthful salesman could not improve upon. Generally the younger the salesman the greater the improvement."

IN MITCHELL'S own parlance, he "beat Mr. Peebleby to the punch."

"Then you've got a rotten line of engineers," said he.

"Indeed! I flattered myself that these drawings were comprehensive and up to date. I saw to them myself."

"Well, they're not," the younger man replied boldly. "You call for cast-iron columns in your sub and superstructures, for instance, whereas they are obsolete. What you save in first cost, you eat up

in the old story of a man who loved his work and who had learned it thoroughly. Mitchell typified the theory of specialization; what he knew he knew utterly, completely, and they recognized it. When he had finished, Mr. Peebleby announced that the bids would not be opened that day.

The American had made his first point. He had gained time in which to handle himself, and the Robinson-Ray Syndicate had recognized a new factor in the field. When the two men were alone again, the Englishman said: "I think I will have you formulate a new bid along the lines you have laid down."

"Very well."

"You understand, our time is up. Can you have it ready by Saturday, three days from now?"

Mitchell laughed. "It's a ten days' job for two men."

"We can't wait."

"Then give me until Tuesday; I'm used to a twenty-four-hour shift now. Meanwhile I'd like to leave these figures here for your chief draftsman to examine. Of course, they are not to be considered binding."

"Isn't that a bit—er—foolish?" inquired Peebleby. "You are leaving a weapon behind you."

"Yes, but not the sort of a weapon you suspect," thought Mitchell. "This is a boomerang." Aloud, he answered lightly: "Oh, that's all right."

When his request was granted he made a mental note: "Step number two!"

Again he filled a cab with those drawings. Again he went back to the Metropole and to those maddening columns of figures, back to the monotony of tasteless meals served at his elbow.

But there were other things besides his own bid to think of now. He must find the other firms that were bidding on the job. He must find the prices they had bid. The first required some ingenuity, the second was a Titan's task.

ALESMANSHIP, in its highest development, is an exact science, and, given the data he desired, Louis Mitchell knew he could read the figures sealed up in those other bids to a nicety, but to get that data required much concentrated effort and much time. It was time he needed above all things. Time to refigure these myriad drawings, time to determine when the other bids went in, time to learn

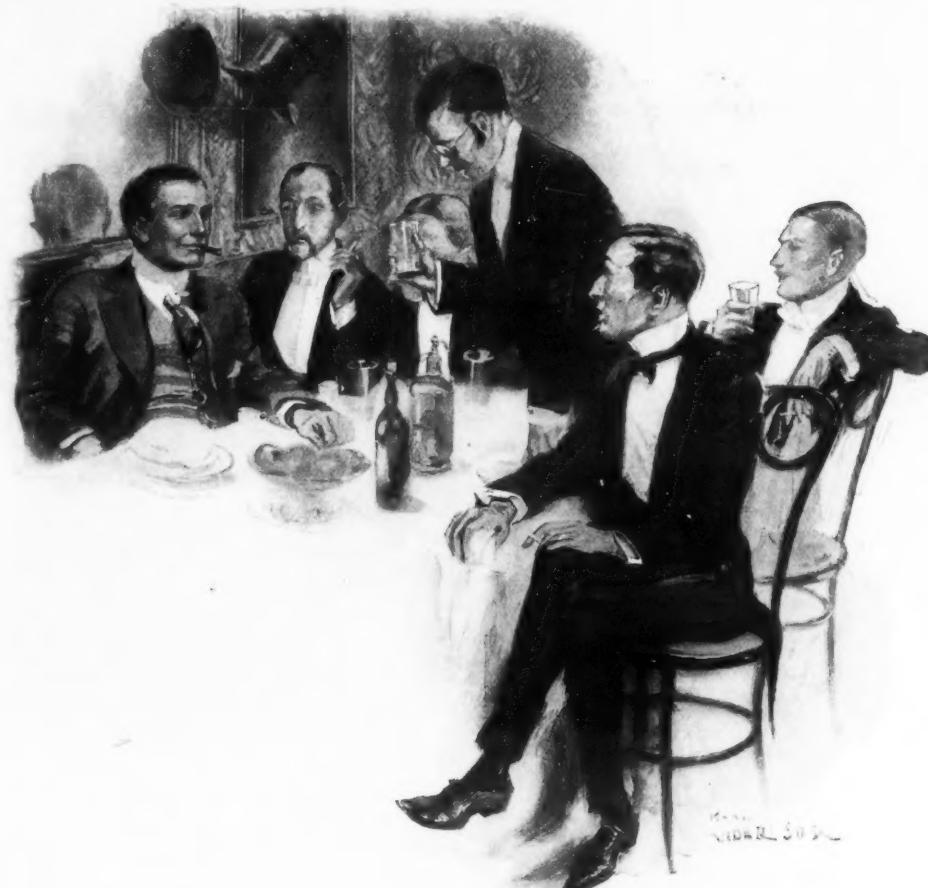
trade conditions at the competitive plants, time to sleep. There were not sufficient hours in the day for all these things, so he cut out the least important, sleep. He laid out a program for himself. By night he worked in his room, by day he cruised for information. He slept at odd moments around the dawn. He began to feel the strain before long. Never physically robust, he began to grow blue and drawn about the nostrils. Sometimes his food would not stay down. He was forced to drive his lagging spirits with a lash. The thought of the girl did most for him. He clung to her with desperation, and her letters, written daily, were like some God-given cordial that infused fresh blood into his brain, new strength into his flagging limbs.

WITH a definite object in view he made daily trips to Threadneedle Street. Invariably he walked in unannounced, invariably he made a new friend before he came out. Peebleby seemed to like him—in fact, asked his opinion on certain forms of structure and voluntarily granted the young man two days of grace—two days! The reckoning was postponed until Thursday—oxygen to a dying man!

Mitchell asked permission to talk to the draftsman, and received it. Then he dictated his opinion, and in this way met the stenographer. When he had finished, he flipped her a gold sovereign, stolen from the sadly melted nine hundred and twenty.

Mitchell's dictation done, the Director-General yielded to a better impulse and advised his new acquaintance to run over to Paris and view the Exposition, saying: "You can do your figuring there, just as well as here, and I don't want your trip from Chicago to be altogether wasted."

(Continued on page 32)



He told them what this job meant to him and to the girl in Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.

twice over in freight. Not only that, but their strength is a matter of theory and not of fact. In your structural steel sections your factor of safety is wrongly figured. To get the best results your lower tanks are twenty inches too short and your upper ones nine inches too short. You are using a section of beam which is five per cent heavier than your other dimensions call for."

The Director-General sat back in his chair, a look of extreme alertness replacing his former expression.

"Indeed, is there anything else?"

"There is. The layout of your platework is all wrong—out of line with modern practise. You want interchangeable parts in every tank. The floor of your lower section should be convex, instead of flat, to get the run-off."

"Who is your engineer?" inquired the elder man respectfully. "I should like to talk to him."

"You are doing it now. I'm him—it—them. I'm the party! I told you I knew this game."

"Who helped you figure those prints?"

"Nobody."

"You did that alone, since Monday morning?"

"I did. I haven't slept much. I'm pretty tired."

There was an entirely new note in Mr. Peebleby's voice when he asked: "Are you too tired to tell my engineers what you told me just now? I should like them to hear you."

"Trot them in." For the first time since leaving this office three days before, Mitchell smiled. He was getting into his stride at last. After all, there might be a chance.

There ensued a convention of draftsmen and engineers in the front office, during which an unknown American youth delivered an address on "Cyanide Tanks, How to Build Them, Where to Buy Them."

The Courting of Widow Dunne

*And How
It Was
Brought to a
Happy Conclusion*



I
For seven years, in storm and sun,
Tobias had courted the Widow Dunne.
The words of a speech he had practised well
With which he intended his love to tell.



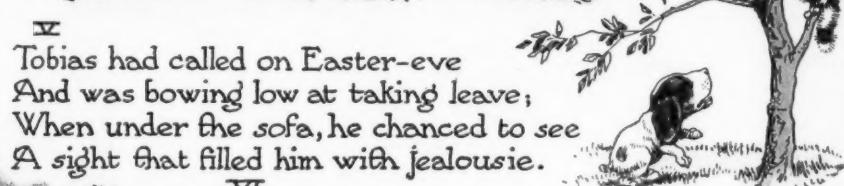
II
But ever and always his craven tongue
Refused; and he left with the song unsung.
Yet seldom without a gift he'd come,
And a spotted pup was the latest one.



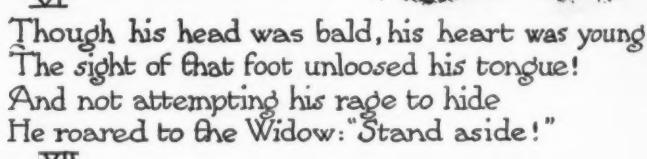
III To the Widow, the pup was a trial sore;
He stole from the neighbors a bushel or more
Of boots and shoes and coats and hats;
He chased their chickens; he treed their cats.



IV
Still, she condoned his puppy tricks
And saved his hide from the neighbors' sticks.
('Tis doubtful the pup had fared so well,
Had his donor been other than Toby Tell.)



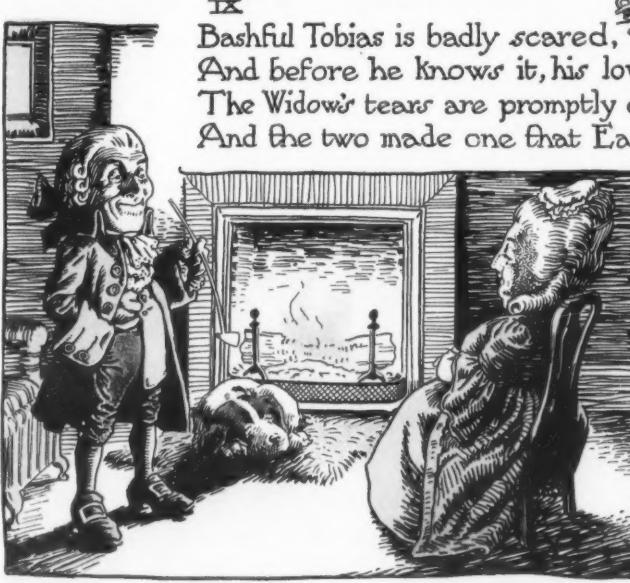
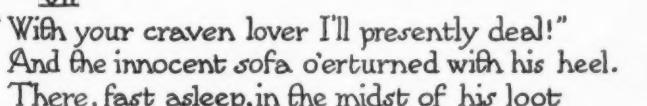
V
Tobias had called on Easter-eve
And was bowing low at taking leave;
When under the sofa, he chanced to see
A sight that filled him with jealousie.



VII
The Widow Dunne now finds her tongue:
Poor Toby's the "basest wretch unhung!"
"To think that after all these years,
He could imagine"—the rest is tears.



VI
Though his head was bald, his heart was young;
The sight of that foot unloosed his tongue!
And not attempting his rage to hide
He roared to the Widow: "Stand aside!"



VIII
Bashful Tobias is badly scared,
And before he knows it, his love's declared;
The Widow's tears are promptly dried
And the two made one that Eastertide.



X
These many years that pup has been
A full-grown dog; and a soft bearskin;
Does Mistress Tobias still provide,
In a cozy nook by the warm fireside.

RODNEY THOMSON

A Slayer of Serpents

The Cottage Which Came from an Old Romance, and the Little Bell on the Bureau

By MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

Illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens

WAY over in the village a bell was tolling. Three people stood listening in the Lambert yard. The yard was broad and green, and beyond that stretched level fields. Over them floated and sung the bell-tones. It seemed almost as if they might become visible, like birds. There was a heavy dew. The short, crisp grass in the yard and fields was covered with dewy cobwebs, which looked, in the sunlight, like little wheels of silver. They glittered and shimmered, and the bell tolled.

The three people stood with upturned faces. They were trying to count the strokes. There were an old man, an old woman, and a young girl. The old man stood with his spreading feet planted squarely, like a child's; his mouth was open; he held one hand curved behind his ear; he was all simple curiosity. The woman held her gingham skirts up out of the wet grass with both hands. She turned one ear toward the sound, and kept an eye on the young girl's face, as if she half heard in that way. The girl, with her innocent, wide-open eyes and small, round face, listened gravely. Her thin, sober underlip was drawn down at the corners.

When the last note had died away, and it was certain that no other would come, the girl spoke first. "I counted fifty," said she.

"Now, I didn't make it but forty-eight," said the old man.

"I thought 'twas fifty-one," said the woman, "but I don't put much dependence on my hearin'. I can't hear a thing with my right ear, nohow. But I guess Ada's right fast enough. She is if it's Angeline, an' I guess it must be. I don't know of anybody else that's sick. Angeline must have been just about fifty. She's two years older than Edward would have been if he'd lived."

"Well, I guess you'll find it ain't her," said the old man, stamping toward the house. He had a little limp in one knee. "I didn't count but forty-eight."

"I guess it's her, fast enough," said the woman, stepping carefully after him. "Mr. Brown said yesterday she was real low, an' the doctor said he shouldn't be surprised if she didn't last the night out."

"I guess you'll find it ain't her."

THE woman and girl entered the house. The man began sawing some wood which was piled up beside the door. Presently the old woman poked her head out of the window. "Oliver," said she. "Oliver!" she called loudly, as if he were a long way from her.

"What?"

"There's Mr. Brown's team comin' down the road. You just run out and ask him who the bell tolled for."

Oliver Lambert limped slowly out of the yard and waylaid the man on the approaching team. When he returned he went hastily past the house in the direction of the barn.

"Oliver, Oliver!" his wife called after him. "Who did he say 'twas?"

Oliver made no reply. He hurried along as if he did not hear.

"It's Angeline fast enough," his wife told Ada. "That's the way he always acts when he finds out he's got the worst of anything. He's took awful hard of hearin' all of a sudden."

Ada laughed. She was washing the breakfast dishes at the sink.

"I'd like to know if that's the way they all do," said she.

"Well, I dunno 'bout all of 'em. I guess a good many men hate to own up if they're beat. I know most of 'em I've had anything to do with did. Edward was jest so, if he was my son. He was jest like his father, poor boy."

Mrs. Lambert was mopping the kitchen floor with unsteady vigor. Her old arms trembled weakly, but she gave them no rest. Her broad, wrinkled face lagged loosely about the cheeks, her small black eyes were alert behind her spectacles.

"Say, grandma," said the girl at the sink. Some blushes rose softly on her pretty cheeks. "I—wanted to ask you—what was it about Angeline Laurence and—my father?"

"Oh, 'twasn't nothin'. They just went together a little while once."

"Then he left her and married my mother?"

"Yes."

"How came he to? Was mother prettier?"

"No; I dunno as she was. Angeline was pretty good lookin' in them days. They had a little difference, an' then your mother came along. She come from Wardsboro, to teach the district school. An' your father saw her, an' they were married almost right away."

"What did they quarrel about?"

"Quarrel about? Lor', nothin' at all, near's I could make out. The amount of it was he was jest like his father; never could bear to be contradicted. An' it seemed as if he would die if anybody else got the best of it. He was a real good boy, too; not a bad thing about him unless 'twas that, an' I dunno's you'd call that bad. He come by it honest enough. I dunno as he could help it. All I ever knew was, he an' Angeline got to disputin' as to who was goin' to preach one Sunday. She thought there was a notice given out that Mr. Munroe—he was settled

"Who do you think's going to preach?" says she. Some of the other girls was standin' round, an' they laughed. I s'pose she'd told 'em.

"Well, Edward he never laughed. He kinder straightened up an' walked off. He didn't go to see her that Sunday night, an' he met your mother, an' that was the end of it."

"Didn't she feel bad?"

"Yes, I s'pose she did. She'd been goin' with him a pretty long time. I know as well as I want to that she wrote to him an' tried to straighten it out, but it wan't no use. She never got married, an' I know she had chances. There's father comin'."

"Ask him who 'twas."

"Who did Mr. Brown say the bell tolled for?" asked Mrs. Lambert as the old man entered the kitchen. He shuffled over to the shelf and took up his pipe, which was lying there. He did not open his lips.

"Oliver!"

"What are you hollerin' so fur?"

"Thought you didn't hear. I wanted to know who the bell tolled for."

"I heard the first time you spoke."

"Who was it?"

"Well, I s'pose 'twas Angeline."

"There, what did I tell you?"

"You didn't git her age right, nohow. She wan't but forty-eight."

"Why, Oliver, she was two years older than Edward would have been if he'd lived, an' he'd been forty-eight this June comin'."

"He wouldn't ha' been but forty-six."

"Why, Oliver Lambert! Well, you might jest as well have your own way first as last. I ain't goin' to say another word."

"I guess I kin tell when the bell strikes forty-eight, an' I ain't goin' to be beat out. I ain't quite so fur behind the times."

"Well, have it forty-eight," said his wife with an air of virtuous patience. "I've give in to you fifty year, an' I guess I kin a little longer. I ain't goin' to fight over poor Angeline, nohow. She's gone, an' that's enough to say about it. I s'pose she's left quite a little property. They say she's owned her house clear quite a while now."

"I guess you'll find it ain't clear."

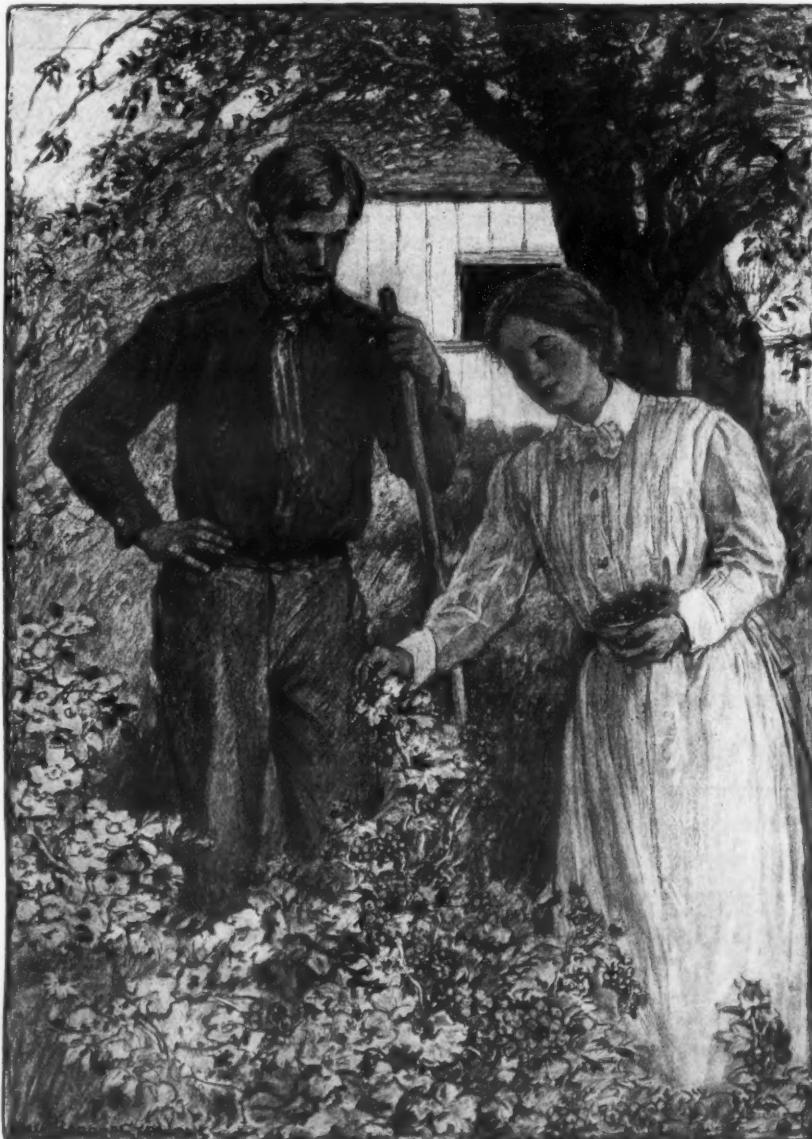
"Well, mebbe it ain't."

THE girl laughed slyly over her dishes. However, in the course of a few weeks, old Oliver Lambert's obstinacy was proven vain in this matter also. Poor Angeline Laurence, dying solitary, without kindred, had left her little house, free and unencumbered, to the daughter of her dead lover, Edward Lambert. It made no difference now to this modest maiden woman, who had kept an affection hidden in her heart for thirty years, that all the villagers were staring at it out in the light, like the skeleton of an old beauty.

"She never got over it," said they. But she lay in her grave, with the grass springing over her, and did not hear.

When Ada Lambert knew of the legacy which the dead woman had left to her, she set up her dimly remembered face, like a saint's, in her orthodox heart. Those thin, rosy cheeks, those heavy-lidded, resolute eyes, and the smoothly crimped, gray-yellow hair gleamed out of its inner shadows. She worshiped it with purest offerings of love and pity and sympathy. If it were

worth the while, poor Angeline was really canonized in return for her long years of silent suffering, and had her own shrine and her own devotee. She even had her tender vengeance over her long-dead rival, the pretty school-teacher whom Edward Lambert had married. Ada could not remember her mother's face at all, she had died so long ago. Angeline Laurence's stood out now in the place of it, to



She began picking currants confusedly—Sylvester stood watching her

her girlish craving. She thought it all over, half-shamefacedly, when she was alone. She knew nothing of love, except in dreams and delicate imaginings. When confronted by the reality of it, in the lives of her own dead father and this dead woman whom she had known, she was all a-tremble with indignation and wonder. "She must have thought everything of father," said the girl to herself, her little face all flushed and troubled.

"I wish I'd known," she told her grandmother; "I would have gone in and seen her when she was sick."

"If you had, folks would ha' said you went after her money, likely as not."

"I wouldn't have cared what they said. I remember now she used to take a good deal of pains to speak to me when she met me. She used to look at me real kind of funny. I never knew what it meant."

"You look a good deal the way your father did. I s'pose she saw it. Well, 'twain't anything against her."

"Against her—I guess it wasn't!"

Ada's legacy was a small house, with a little yard and garden, over in the village. The day when she took the key into her own possession and went over her new domicile, in company with her admiring grandparents, was the beginning of a new era in her life. Stepping over that threshold, she stepped also a pace farther into the mystery of love and the world, even though she was led on by another's experience instead of her own.

EMERGING at last from these little, simple, silent rooms, she seemed to have a longer road to look back upon. Angeline Laurence's memory was added to her own.

"You're pretty well off, I take it," her grandmother said, with honest gratulation, as they were all riding home. "Everythin' in the house is good. I didn't know she did have such nice things. There's chiny and other dishes, an' table-cloths, an' plenty of beddin'. An' did you look in them bureau drawers?"

"I couldn't bear to," said Ada, and she fell to crying.

Her grandmother looked wonderingly at her. "Of course it makes anybody feel bad. Poor Angeline," said she. "But it's what we all have to come to. Things has to be left, an' the livin' has to make use of 'em. There's a real good black silk in the front chamber closet, an' a nice brown woolen. They'd make over real nice for you, some time. There ain't no use savin' such things for the moths to eat up."

But Angeline's clothes hung undisturbed in her closets, and her dainty store of linen lay folded in her bureau, in spite of Mrs. Lambert's protests. Ada would not have them touched. She was glad, in her heart, that the house could not be rented and stood vacant for the next two years. At the end of that time her grandparents died within a month of each other, and Ada sold the lonely farm and went to live in her little village house. She had four thousand dollars in the bank. People thought her remarkably fortunate. Still, they marveled at her. "The idea of that young thing living all alone," they said.

Ada was twenty and looked seventeen. She combed her pale yellow hair straight back, and put it in a net like a little girl. She looked into people's faces directly and questioningly, like a child. Kindly women made plans for her. They proposed lone females—dressmakers and tailoresses—for companions; they provided other homes; but the little, innocent-faced girl was resolute.

"Well, she'll get married," said all of them, covering their defeat with knowing looks. They watched her sharply, but she was very circumspect. She had always been a simple, sensible girl, and had looked upon some of her mates and their fleeting love-affairs with grave wonder.

Now some of the eligible young men used to eye her in church and look when they passed the house.

But she never knew it. They wanted to call on her, but did not venture. She went out seldom. She had one girl friend, whom she used to visit now and then, running in of an afternoon with her work. She lived quite near, and her name was Ellen Ives. She was a plain, silent girl.

It was spring when Ada came to enjoy her legacy. She worked in her garden a good deal. She hired

down into the grass. The grass was tall and bending, the daisies and buttercups were as high as the grass. Here and there were some little bushes of pink roses, which looked half smothered. There was a little furrow of prostrate flowers which marked Sylvester's track from the house-door. He was tall and sinewy; his head, with its yellow hair and yellow, straggling beard, towered up among the apple boughs.

Ada looked at him hesitatingly. She knew who he was, but she had never spoken to him.

"You'd better come over this side. They haven't been touched here."

"Thank you."

"Come right through here."

Ada found herself in Sylvester Noble's yard. She began picking the currants confusedly. Sylvester stood watching her. "Why didn't you get 'em before?" said he.

"I didn't know but they belonged to you."

"Course they don't. They're your bushes."

WHEN Ada's little dish was full, she looked up in Sylvester's face timidly before she went through into her own yard.

"Thank you for telling me," said she.

"You're welcome. I wanted to ask you—don't you ever feel afraid, alone there in the house?"

"Not much."

"It isn't any of my business, but haven't you got any folks that could come and live with you?"

"No, I haven't got any folks. But I suppose I could have somebody come, if I wanted 'em."

"Seems to me I would, if I was you."

"Oh, I get along well enough. I'm hardly ever afraid."

"Well—" Sylvester hesitated, and his blond face flushed. "I was just going to say, I don't know as you knew, but I sleep here on this side of the house, and I wake at the least thing, and if you was to have a little bell, and was to ring it if anything scared you in the night, I should hear it quicker than lightning."

"Thank you."

"Miss Laurence used to have one. Do you know where it is?"

"Yes." Ada remembered. The little brass bell stood on the bureau in the bedroom where Angeline had slept.

"Well, you ring it if you get scared."

The girl had felt sometimes, in the silent house, that horror of loneliness which is worse than legitimate fear. She had lain awake nights, though she had not owned to it, and her young persistency had not been in the least affected. After this she never did. She looked at Angeline's little bell, which could summon Sylvester Noble to her protection, and felt secure, and slept sweetly.

Noble was a mild mystery in the town. He had, after a manner, withdrawn himself into a corner, away from his kind, and laid himself open to speculation. Either he had some private plum of guilt or grief to consider, or his brain was touched. People saw no harm in Noble, so they inclined to the latter view. Ada always heard him called "love-cracked" without much consideration. Now she coupled this idea with her theory of Angeline, and another wonder and pity sprang up in her heart. She thought about him as she moved around her little house, and she talked him over with Ellen.

"Do you suppose the girl he was in love with is dead?" asked she.

But Ellen knew no more than she. All any one knew was that Sylvester Noble was about forty years old; that he had lived in the village eight or nine years, all alone in a small, neglected house which he had purchased; that he must have some slender means of support, for he apparently did not labor; and that every summer, through most of July and August, he was away camping out somewhere. This summer July melted into August, and Sylvester had not gone. One day, about the middle of the month, he came to the currant bushes and looked over. Ada was sewing at the window. She saw him, and ran out of the house and across the yard to him.



Ada began climbing the path—the woman and children stood watching her

a man to plant vegetables, then she weeded and tended them, and made a flower garden for herself. The box-border of Angeline's old flower garden still remained, outlining vigorously the heart and diamond shaped beds, where the pinks and marigolds used to grow. Some of the hardy perennials came bravely again this spring. Angeline's flowering almonds and blue columbine and spider-lilies blossomed out to her memory. The small front yard was all taken up by the flower garden. The vegetable garden lay behind the house. A row of lusty currant bushes divided Ada's land on one side from a neighbor's.

ONE afternoon she stood at them, picking some currants for her tea. She was methodical in her habits. She had her little white-covered table set against the kitchen wall for her solitary meal, three times a day, after Angeline's old fashion. She had out Angeline's silver spoons, and blue-and-white ware, and her Britannia teapot. The currants were growing scanty on the bushes. Ada had to pick here and there as she could.

"If you'll come over this side, you'll find 'em thick," said a voice suddenly.

She started violently. "I didn't mean to scare you," said the voice, and ended in a kindly laugh.

Ada saw Sylvester Noble standing under an old apple tree on his side of the bushes. The apple tree was old and scraggly. Half of the branches were dead and covered with gray moss. They dipped



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DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Patience

Noble looked down at her. "I'm going away," said he. "I thought I'd let you know."

Ada looked up at him in a frightened way. "Aren't you coming back?"

"Coming back? Yes, of course I am. I'm just going over to the Green Hills to stay a week or two. I go every summer, you know. I've got a little shanty I built over there—"

"Oh."

"I hope you won't get frightened while I'm gone."

"Oh, no, I won't."

"I've been thinking—won't that Ives girl come over and stay with you nights?"

"I suppose she would, but I ain't afraid."

"You ask her, won't you?"

"Why, I suppose I can."

"You ask her to-night, and let me know before I go, will you?"

"Yes."

Noble stood looking at her silently. She tried to talk.

"What do you do in the Green Hills?" said she.

He laughed. "Kill snakes."

She shuddered. "What for?"

He laughed again. "Oh, I like to."

"Like to!"

"Yes, they're better out of the way. They're awful things!"

Ada looked bewildered and frightened. "Aren't you afraid?" said she, trembling.

"Afraid of snakes? No, I've got over that."

Ada's face was quite white. Noble saw it, and his tone changed.

"I do other things besides killing snakes," he said. "I pick up stones and queer objects, and then I write things about them."

"Can you?" said she with awe.

"Yes. I didn't have much schooling—father was all for saving money—but I've picked up some knowledge. I know a little about stones and plants, and I write about 'em, and they pay me something, and that's the way I keep soul and body together."

ADA looked at him with relief and admiration. "If he can do that, he's just as right as I am," she thought to herself. "They can call him love-cracked all they want to."

She expressed this opinion with girlish force to Ellen Ives when she came to spend the nights with her, but she did not give her reason for it. "I ain't going to have the whole town talking about his affairs," she thought to herself.

After two weeks or so she saw him enter the house at dusk one Saturday. That night she stayed alone, and blew out her light with a reliant look at the bell. She sat in church the next day, sweet and fair in her Sunday clothes, and thought about Sylvester Noble, while one or two young men, orthodox, and steady, and reliable, eyed her furtively.

"I wish he'd go to meeting," she thought to herself. She saw him for a moment that afternoon. He gave her a pail of blackberries and a great bunch of ferns and flowers over the currant bushes. He looked very handsome to her, with his sunburned face, in his coarse gray trousers and blue woolen blouse.

"There isn't a young man in town half as good-looking," she thought complacently.

The autumn came and went, and the winter began. Ada entered on her lonely way through it with good courage. This kindly, erratic neighbor stood by her faithfully. He shoveled her paths, and did errands for her when the roads were impassable to a woman. Through the long, dreary evenings a lamp shone into her room from his window. She could see him sitting there through the long, snowy days. Still, he never entered her house, though she asked him to when he came to the door on errands.

Ada went about this winter with the other young people of the village. She never dreamed how wistfully Sylvester used to watch her when she came into her house with two or three girls, laughing and chatting.

"She'll be just like the others," he muttered, and

went on grimly with his writing, which was slow work to Sylvester Noble. He had little besides nature to assist him, and she, grand, beautiful goddess that she was, faltered among his nouns and verbs. Noble's articles had to have a good deal of revision, but the editors snatched at them. The man really had something new to say about his subjects.

Once he showed Ada a magazine with one of his nature papers in it. Her simple wonder delighted

real kind to you, but I'm afraid he ain't any kind of a man."

"I'd like to know what you mean."

"I had it real straight. Alice Roberts told me, and she had it from her cousin that lives over in Pembroke. That's where he's from, you know. She said that he cheated his brother out of his share of his father's property, and that wasn't the worst of it. He got away the girl his brother was engaged to—"

"Is—he married?"

"Yes, he married her, but I believe she died. Alice said he wasn't any kind of a man, and it's all nonsense about his being disappointed in love. I wouldn't have anything more to do with him if I was you."

"I can't believe such a story."

"Well, I wouldn't if I hadn't had it so straight."

"Well, I don't care; he's treated me well. I don't believe a word of it."

She did, however. After Ellen had gone home, half indignant with her, she owned to herself what she would not to her. She set the bell far back on the bureau when she went to bed. "Ring it for him!" she muttered bitterly.

The next day she never looked his way. She kept on the other side of the house. She did not go out in the garden. Toward night he came to the door and knocked.

"I just wanted to let you know," said he, "that I was goin' away to-morrow."

"Are you?"

He looked at her wonderingly. "I sha'n't be gone long, not more'n two or three weeks. Can't you have the Ives girl come over, the way you did before?"

"I can manage my own affairs, thank you," said Ada.

SYLVESTER NOBLE turned pale. He looked at her as if he could not believe his ears. "It isn't quite safe for you to be here all alone nights," he went on with piteous eagerness, "when there isn't anybody in my house. Mr. White's quite a way off."

Ada looked at him. Then she thought of the other girl, the one he had married, and he looked changed to her. "I'm entirely capable of looking after my own business," said she in a hard voice. She held her head back and looked at him, with the stiff dignity of rural girlhood.

He never said another word. He turned away and went home. The next morning he started on his annual trip to the Green Hills. Ada watched him, peeping around the corner of her window-curtain. She stayed alone this time. She said to herself that she did not want Ellen.

Three weeks went by, and Sylvester had not returned. Ada began to watch for him uneasily, though she would not have welcomed him if he had come. One afternoon Ellen came over in great excitement, her pale, heavy face flushed.

"What do you think, Ada?" said she. "It wasn't so about him. Alice got it mixed up. It was his brother instead of him. Sylvester never did a thing out of the way. His brother got away the girl he was engaged to, and married her, and he never knew till 'twas all over. They deceived him all the time. She made believe to think everything of Sylvester, when all the while it was his brother. And when he found it out he just gave his brother all his share of their father's property and came away here. He settled the money on the girl, so she wouldn't suffer. He knew his brother couldn't support her, for he'd lost most of his own money—"

"So there wasn't a word of it true," said Ada slowly. She stared across at Noble's deserted house. After Ellen had gone she went over there, plowing through the high, damp tangle of green things in the yard. She had a half hope that he might have returned. She knocked on the old door. There was no paint on the house. Lilac trees grew thickly around it, pressing against the walls, brushing the eaves. The door trembled beneath her touch; a hole

(Continued on page 36)



A Song of Miss Springtime

By FRANK L. STANTON

GOOD-BY ter Mister Winter! For he rise up an' he say
De train is at de station fer ter whistle 'im away;
He done hide all de flowers in dat frosty house er his,
An' he know Miss Spring a-comin' fer ter ax 'im whar dey is!

MISS SPRING, she say
She de Lady er de day,
An' wid a bresh er blossoms sweep Winter out de way.

IT'S de very Springtime feelin' dat's de feelin'est er all—
Kaze you done been thoo'de weather w'en de apples fit ter fall;
W'en ye sees a vines a-creepin' ter de cabin er de snow
An' de mockin'bird, he singin' whar he sun his feathers so.

HE know de way ter sing
W'en it's howdy ter Miss Spring,
Wid a sunbeam for ter primp on an' a blossom on his wing.

Hi, Mister loud Woodpecker—is you mendin' er yo' shed?
Yo' noise des wake de woods up! Shake dat fire off yo' head!
But de vi'lets is a-lookin' lak' a blue patch er de sky,
An' Mister Bluebird dress up lak' his sweetheart comin' by!

OH, it's Spring fer sho',
An' she mighty sweet ter know!
Don't you hear de Lady pullin' er de bell-vine at de do?



W. Dandy Sautter

Published by L. H. Lefevre & Son, London.

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The Joy-Dance of Spring

Hashimura Togo, the Japanese Schoolboy, Takes His Pen in Hand and Sets Down Some Seasonable Observations

By WALLACE IRWIN

To Editor COLLIER WEEKLY, who is similar to Spring, famus everywheres for the freshness of his actions,

HON. MR. SM.—

WE HAVE now arrived to that happy dot on the Annual Almanac marked "Spring" where it is considered necessary for human hearts to make kick-up with cheerful eye-wink, to elope with Love or do something stimulating to the Poetry Business. It is the respectable duty of everybody to act thusly.

S. Wanda, Japanese Socialist, met me yesterday with expression of a yellow Insurgent, and, after several discontented mutters, peculiar to Hon. Bluejean V. Debs, the following melancholy concert of Easter music:

SPRING THOUGHT TYPEWRITER BY S. WANDA, JAPANESE SOCIALIST, AFTER SLIGHT WAKE-UP TO THE HORROR OF HIS CONDITION

"Hogan-Oyama-do!
A fresh Sky Robster
Came & clutched his toes on the drain-pipe befront
my window,
Singing 'Back again!' with voice.
By this actions I am aware that the Annual Bird
of Spring
Has came.

"O tell me, delicious wobbler,
Are you delivering supplies of Joy & Hope,
As usual?"

"I have brought you some, decrop this April Sparrow,
But less than formerly.
I look very defy

Like Hon. Vic Murdock look,
When facing Hon. Jo-Uncle with voice.
'Have you brought me some Love, maybe,
As is customary for Spring?'

I require with great bility.

"A little Love, perhapsly,
He hoot,
But this, too, is slightly more featherweight than
last year."

"When I hear this cruel announcement
Great peev walks in my heart.
'O ossified hen,
Why dost thou act so stingy

To Japanese Schoolboy?
Why should you arrive to me each annual Spring
With more increased shortage
Of all happy Sentiments which I require to make
Life agreeable?

I ask to know!"

"Hon. Spring Bird whistle gently with his bronchotubes.
'Japanese Schoolboy,' he squeak,
To tell you truly,
Nothing comes so free & cheap

As formerly.
Like sugar, like
eggs, like soup
made by cows,
Hope, Love & Joy

Are getting more
scarcer every
year.

Hon. Trusts has
got these senti-
mental commodi-
ties

In cold storage
So more High-
Prices can be ex-
tracted
When required.

Only Rich Persons
Can afford Heart
Throbs this
Spring.

Poor Persons
Must get along
without them,
Or else get cheap
imitations,
On account of the High Cost of Loving."

"Hogan-Oyama-do!
This Spring Bird aviate away
Before I can shoot him with angry ketchup-bottle."

"I admire this poem because of its depressing qualities," I report to Wanda.

Mr. Editor, have you not noticed certain tendencies to rejoice everywheres? Have you not noticed the Police Force, attired in Greek wrappers, dancing,

"Spring have came," I vocalize distinctually.

"Who cares?" require this great Admiral, caressing the pocket of his gilt uniform like he expected 10c payment for talking to me.

"Happy Farmers love it," I suggest.

"Farmers is always easily amused," he dib. "I am careless about Spring.

It is not an extra good time for the Hotel Business.

What is Spring, anyhow, that you should go waltzing around like a Pianola?"

"Spring," I define, "is the annual time when we should be excited to see Nature pop forth and bring her joyous green vegetables out of cold-storage."

"They will go back into cold-storage fast enough when the Food Trust sees them," gubble this door-swing gentleman.

"Would not Spring seem more refined & educational," I nextly report, "if all persons in this City should put on night-shirts or table-cloths to resemble happy mobs of Ancient Greece and should come together in cheerful throngs to weave fair garlands of flowers, make song-dances to the tune of harps and liars, and listen to epic poetry on 'Beautiful Belvedere Real Estate' delivered by the President of the Chamber of Commerce disguised to look like Demosthenes? Would this not be nice house-warming for Spring?"

"It would look very natural on April First," corode Hon. Doorkeep kindly. So I leave him in a rectified attitude, promising to do everything he can.

I SEEN Hon. Strunsky, Irish salooner, yesterday hanging one portrait of a young & smiling Goat over his alcohol shop. Under this portrait, in large, gilty letters, was painted following words:

BOCK BEER
5C PER GOBBLE

I admire the appearance of this happy Goat, and yet I am confused.

"Are this Goat a public character to be so hung?" I require.

"O surely he are!" derange Hon. Strunsky. "He are known in 20 languages as the Bock Beer Goat. He is a Goat of Genius. Like Hon. James Sunshine Sherman, he made his city famous."

"What City did Hon. Goat make famous, please?" This from me.

"Milwaukee, naturally!" corode Hon. Salooner, shameful of my ignorance.

"Why do you hang such Art before your thirst headquarters, Hon. Sir?" I require.

"That is one of the Signs of Spring," he stimulate.

"Are Spring in America peculiar for its Goats?" I ravage.

"It always gets mine," he negotiate. By his trash-expression I was sure he was talking to me in Joke-language. I could not assimilate his meaning. "For forty years, man and child," he continue on, "I have been salooning on this corner. And each annua year when Mr. Phelan's cat begins to make Caruso-music on the back fence, I am aware that Spring will be arriving up pretty quick. So I get out my Goat portrait and hang him where all drunkards will see in time to run home and borrow a nickel from their wives. This sign make them very happy."

"Are they happy because it is Spring?" I require.

"No, they are happy because they are thirsty," he grumble.

I elope away from my disgust. Is there no person in America willing to love Spring for herself alone, like was fashionable in Ancient Greece?



This a. m. I approach to a Doorkeep standing befront a Hotel

"Dear Sir," I suggest joyly, "Spring have came!" Hon. Doorkeep neglect me for a moment to help a Actress & husband from her ottomobile.

"What-say did you remark?" he ask with hotel expression when he came back.



Mrs. Macdonald approach nervously in a skirt of blooming quality

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I was hopeful that perhapsly my dear school friend, Sydney Katsu, Jr., might enjoy a few spring-time feelings with me, because Sydney is in the painless dentistry business and therefore fond of ushing in disagreeable subjects as pleasantly as possible. But when I tell him how them ancient Greeks used to behave in March and April, Sydney look very Missourian. He-say them Greeks was a hobo and skittish race, entirely ignorant about civilized subjects like bookkeeping & stenography. Many of them, he-say, spent their lives as art students and died in jail.

"I am acquaintance of one Greek name of Menalkas Bogus," deplore Sydney. "He is proprietor of a flower business."

"Do he show any tendencies when Spring arrive?" I ask it.

"He show a tendency to get drunk, as usual," abstract Sydney. "But he have quite similar thirsts in Fall and Winter."

"But at the first sweet hot of Spring do not this Menalkas Bogus appear anxious to song & dance while playing the liar or some other Greek music?" This from me.

"About his song & dance qualities I am not sure," amputate Sydney. "But I am aware that this Menalkas is very expert at playing the liar. I know because he have often been a witness in police courts."

"When Spring arrive and Hon. Pan, famous goat, come dancing by with nymphs and satires, would this Menalkas Bogus be willing to lock up his store long enough to help throw away a few flowers in that exciting dance?"

"O surely he would not!" renig Sydney. "Menalkas is not only a Greek. He's a Business Man."

IT IS only among Hon. American Ladies that I am enabled to observe any symptoms of alarming foolishness peculiar to Spring. Some of them are promenading round with haystacks of unnatural hair on top of their fashionable foreheads; others is Suffragetting to a great extent; still others is taking lessons in Fancy Dancing.

Mrs. Lusy Macdonald, 286 lbs. complete beauty, prefers this dance-step exercise to any other form of mania. She-say she is anxious to add Romance to our drum-hum modern life.

"Romance is not dead but sleepy," she conserve.

"Hon. Romance must awake up when you start to dance," I peruse with chivalry.

She-say Dancing is good or a figure. I am be-switched by such arithmatics.

"What style of Figure you wish to resemble, Mrs. Adam?" I require. "You are now quite circular like Figure 0. Would you wish-be starvation shape like a Figure 1?"

"Scarcely so minus like that," she otter. "To be eezed in slightly like Figure 8 would be sufficiently ceful for me."

Mrs. Lusy Macdonald take lessons in this fancy dance each Wednesday promptly at A. M. I was there making carpet-sweep last week and observed her doing so.

Mlle. Sweeney, famus Greek, is professor for this waltz. With her she bring Piano Man to play 'Washington Postoffice March.' That Sweeney lady say she learned dance-gracefulness while leader of the ballot in St. Petersburg; but I am sinick about this, because votes for women has not yet climbed the Rus-

sian steps. Howeverly, she teach Mrs. Macdonald with great pathos.

Mrs. Macdonald approach forth nervously disguised in a skirt of blooming quality and a navy waist. She appear like a trick elephant, gentle and willing and completely grown up.

"I shall not teach you the Dance of the Winds," describe Mlle. Sweeney. "Because it would appear too spry for one of your wealth and importance. Toedancing is also less fashionable for club ladies of hefty standing."

"I am prepared for anything," collapse my boss-lady like a female samurai.

"In the first dance I teach you," say Mlle. Sweeney, "you must stand with your arms stretched widely separate—thusly. Look uply as if you expected rain."

Mrs. Macdonald do so to any extent. Mlle. Sweeney drape a table-sheet over that lady's out-clasped arms.

"Suburbly superlative!" exclaim that great dance-teacher. "Look as perpetual as possible. Look like you was placed there by Nature and felt too heavy to move for 1,000,000 years. Let your Greek draperies flow downwards in torrents & cascades so wildly you can hear them 3 blocks away. Now detain yourself in that position as long as I can count 36."

"What do this pose represent?" require Mrs. Lusy with puzzlous expression.

"It are called 'Niagara Falls,'" describe Mlle. "The flowing robes represents 11,000 tons of water per hour flowing over an Enormous Body which seems willing to stand in majestic patness till Eternity arrives."

Mrs. Macdonald seem pleased from this, so she wish learn some more.

"The secret of that wondrous grace so oftenly met in Athens and Albany," teach-on that female prof., "was the art of melting. Do you know how to melt?"

Mrs. Lusy appear unacquainted.

"You should lapse gently from pose to pose," say that Sweeney lady. "Not energetically like a piano walking downstairs, but softly, impalatively like a chipmunk dropping into a load of hay. Thusly."

Mlle. Sweeney melt slightly from her elbows backwards to show how done. I am so alarmed by what must happen that I remove myself back to my job of sweep-off stair carpets. Now & occasionally I could hear Mlle. Sweeney shouting orders.

"Let your right elbow express sublimity! Be less eliptical in your movements. Now melt to the next pose. Express the Joy of Spring with your thumbs—a little further back—be more celluloid at the waist—can't you disjoint yourself more? Now melt—melt—melt!"

Of suddenly I hear a most tremendous SCRASH!! Following this I could hear sounds of silence. Slight grones, running footsteps, noise of servants bringing water-drink.

I was not admitted to see what happened, but I am suspicioius to suppose that Mrs. Macdonald must of melted too completely.

IN THE window of his compartment in Patriots of Japan Board & Lodging I see S. Wanda, Japanese Socialist, looking downwards to the ashfell pavement below and playing "My Bunny Lies

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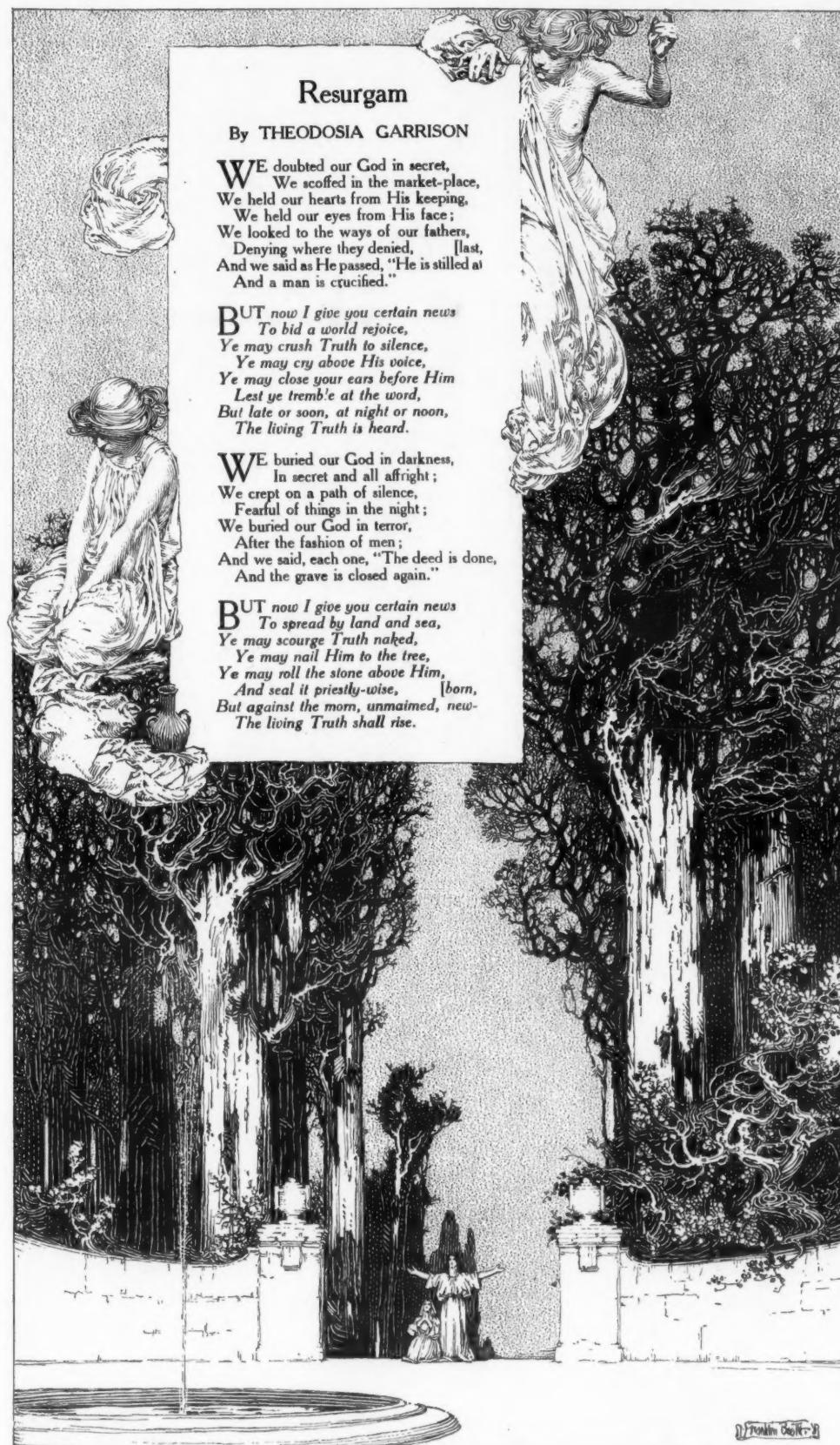
Over the Ocean" on a toothless harmonica.

"Spring do appear to be arriving to America very cautiously this year," I report to Wanda, "greenleafs, jay-buds and lily-birds seems to be sneaking in timidly, conservatively, as if they was anxious to gladden the world, but was afraid of disturbing Business Conditions. Why is it thusly?"

"Everything acts that way in a Taft Administration," explode this Bluejean Debs enthusiast. So he continue on with his harmonica like one who prefers discords to any other form of concert.

Hoppy you are the same.

Yours truly, HASHIMURA Togo.



"What nationality of waltz would fit me best?" suggest Mrs. Lusy Macdonald decoyfully.

"You are nearly perfect for Greek dancing," report this tipsickory lady.

"Will the exercise be dangerous to my heart?" require Hon. Mrs.

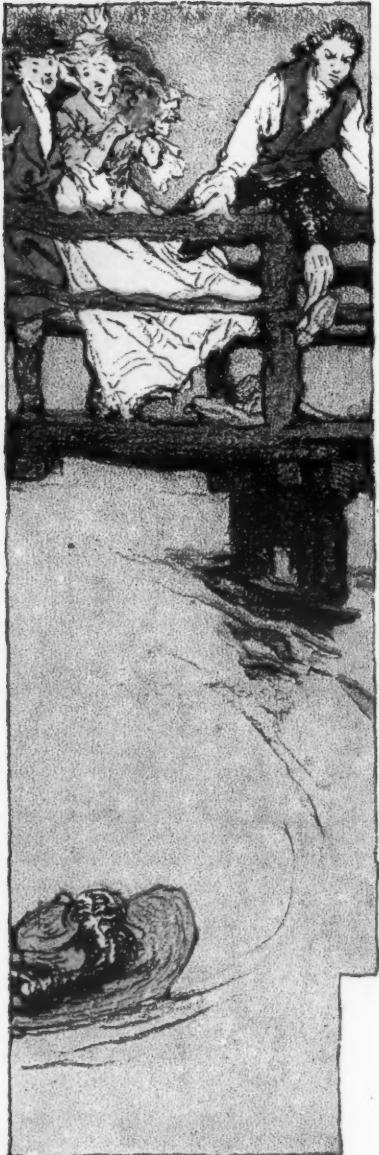
"O mercy not! That is the principal charm of this variety," depose Mlle. "Greek dancing requires no exertion on the part of the Dancer. It is an intellectual sport. The Dancer is in repose, while the Audience is busy guessing what she is trying to do. Nothing is violent about this dance except the cost of learning it. Nowheres could you find less exercise for \$15 an hour. Nothing moves but the fingers and toes."



The Conspiracy

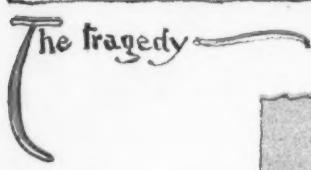


A springtime frolic in which Dan Cupid, the Eastwind & the Devil himself helped a fair maiden to choose between her rich but timid admirer & her gay & gallant lover.



The rescue

The reward



The engagement

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Archibald's Benefit

A Championship Competition in Which Love, Business, and Golf Conflict

By
P. G. WODEHOUSE

McCay happened to be of a romantic and sentimental nature. He was by profession a chartered accountant, and inclined to be stout. He knew Ella Wheeler Wilcox by heart, and could take Browning without anesthetics. He sucked his cigar in silence for a while, watching with dreamy eyes the blue smoke as it curled ceilingward.

"Archie's such a bully good fellow," he said, "why not give him a benefit? Why not let him win this championship?"

"Yes, but what about the rest of the men?"

"We can square them," said McCay, confidently.

Illustrated by W. Morgan

ARCIBALD MEALING was one of those golfers in whom desire outruns performance. Nobody could have been more willing than Archibald. He tried, and tried hard. Every morning before he took his bath he would stand in front of his mirror and practise swings. Every night before he went to bed he would read the golden words of some master on the subject of putting, driving, or approaching. Yet on the links most of his time was spent in retrieving lost balls or replacing America. Whether it was that Archibald pressed too much or pressed too little, whether it was that his club deviated from the dotted line which joined the two points A and B in the illustrated plate of the man making the brassy shot in the "Hints on Golf" book, or whether it was that he was pursued by some malignant fate, I do not know. Archibald rather favored the last theory.

The important point is that, in his thirty-first year, after six seasons of untiring effort, Archibald went in for a championship, and won it.

Archibald, mark you, whose golf was a kind of blend of hockey, Swedish drill, and buck-and-wing dancing.

I know the ordeal I must face when I make such a statement. I see clearly before me the solid phalanx of men from Missouri, some urging me to tell it to the King of Denmark, others insisting that I produce my Eskimos. Nevertheless, I do not shrink. I state once more that in his thirty-first year Archibald Mealing went in for a golf championship, and won it.

ARCIBALD belonged to a select little golf club, the members of which lived and worked in New York, but played in Jersey. Men of substance, financially as well as physically, they had combined their superfluous cash and with it purchased a strip of land close to the sea. This had been drained—to the huge discomfort of a colony of mosquitoes which had come to look on the place as their private property—and converted into links, which had become a sort of refuge for incompetent golfers. The members of the Cape Pleasant Club were easy-going refugees from other and more exacting clubs, men who pottered rather than raced round the links; men, in short, who had grown tired of having to stop their game and stand aside in order to allow perspiring experts to whiz past them. The Cape Pleasant golfers did not make themselves slaves to the game. Their language, when they foozled, was gently regretful rather than sulphurous. The moment in the day's play which they enjoyed most was when they were saying: "Well, here's luck!" in the club-house.

It will, therefore, readily be understood that Archibald's inability to do a hole in single figures did not handicap him at Cape Pleasant as it might have done at St. Andrew's. His kindly clubmates took him to their bosoms to a man, and looked on him as a brother. Archibald's was one of those admirable



natures which prompt their possessor frequently to remark: "These are on me!" and his fellow golfers were not slow to appreciate the fact. They all loved Archibald.

Archibald was on the floor of his bedroom one afternoon, picking up the fragments of his mirror—a friend had advised him to practise the Walter J. Travis lofting-shot—when the telephone bell rang. He took up the receiver, and was hailed by the comfortable voice of McCay, the club secretary.

"Is that Mealing?" asked McCay. "Say, Archie, I'm putting your name down for our championship competition. That's right, isn't it?"

"Sure," said Archibald. "When does it start?"

"Next Saturday."

"That's me."

"Good for you. Oh, Archie."

"Hello?"

"A man I met to-day told me you were engaged. Is that a fact?"

"Sure," murmured Archibald blushfully.

The wire hummed with McCay's congratulations.

"Thanks," said Archibald. "Thanks, old man. What? Oh, yes. Milsom's her name. By the way, her family have taken a cottage at Cape Pleasant for the summer. Some distance from the links. Yes, very convenient, isn't it? Good-by."

He hung up the receiver and resumed his task of gathering up the fragments.

Now McCay happened to be of a romantic and sentimental nature. He was by profession a chartered accountant, and inclined to be stout; and all rather stout chartered accountants are sentimental. McCay was the sort of man who keeps old ball programs and bundles of letters tied round with lilac ribbon. At country houses, where they lingered in the porch after dinner to watch the moonlight flooding the quiet garden, it was McCay and his colleague who lingered longest. McCay knew Ella Wheeler Wilcox by heart, and could take Browning without anesthetics. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that Archibald's remark about his fiancée coming to live at Cape Pleasant should give him food for thought. It appealed to him.

He reflected on it a good deal during the day, and, running across Sigsbee, a fellow Cape Pleasant, after dinner that night at the Sybarites' Club, he spoke of the matter to him. It so happened that both had dined excellently, and were looking on the world with a sort of cozy benevolence. They were in the mood when men pat small boys on the head and ask them if they mean to be President when they grow up.

"I called up Archie Mealing to-day," said McCay. "Did you know he was engaged?"

"I did hear something about it. Girl of the name of Wilson, or—"

"Milsom. She's going to spend the summer at Cape Pleasant, Archie tells me."

"Then she'll have a chance of seeing him play in the championship competition."

McCay sucked his cigar in silence for a while, watching with dreamy eyes the blue smoke as it

curled ceilingward. When he spoke his voice was singularly soft.

"Do you know, Sigsbee," he said, sipping his Maraschino with a gentle melancholy—"do you know, there is something wonderfully pathetic to me in this business. I see the whole thing so clearly. There was a kind of quiver in poor old Archie's voice when he said: 'She is coming to Cape Pleasant,' which told me more than any words could have done. It is a tragedy in its way, Sigsbee. We may smile at it, think it trivial; but it is none the less a tragedy. That warm-hearted, enthusiastic girl, all eagerness to see the man she loves do well—Archie, poor old Archie, all on fire to prove to her that her trust in him is not misplaced, and the end—Disillusionment—Disappointment—Unhappiness."

"He ought to keep his eye on the ball," said the more practical Sigsbee.

"Quite possibly," continued McCay, "he has told her that he will win this championship."

"If Archie's mutt enough to have told her that," said Sigsbee decidedly, "he deserves all he gets. Waiter, two Scotch highballs."

McCAY was in no mood to subscribe to this stony-hearted view.

"I tell you," he said, "I'm sorry for Archie! I'm sorry for the poor old chap. And I'm more than sorry for the girl."

"Well, I don't see what we can do," said Sigsbee. "We can hardly be expected to foozle on purpose, just to let Archie show off before his girl."

McCay paused in the act of lighting his cigar, as one smitten with a great thought.

"Why not?" he said. "Why not, Sigsbee? Sigsbee, you've hit it!"

"Eh?"

"You have! I tell you, Sigsbee, you've solved the whole thing. Archie's such a bully good fellow, why not give him a benefit? Why not let him win this championship? You aren't going to tell me that you care whether you win a tin medal or not?"

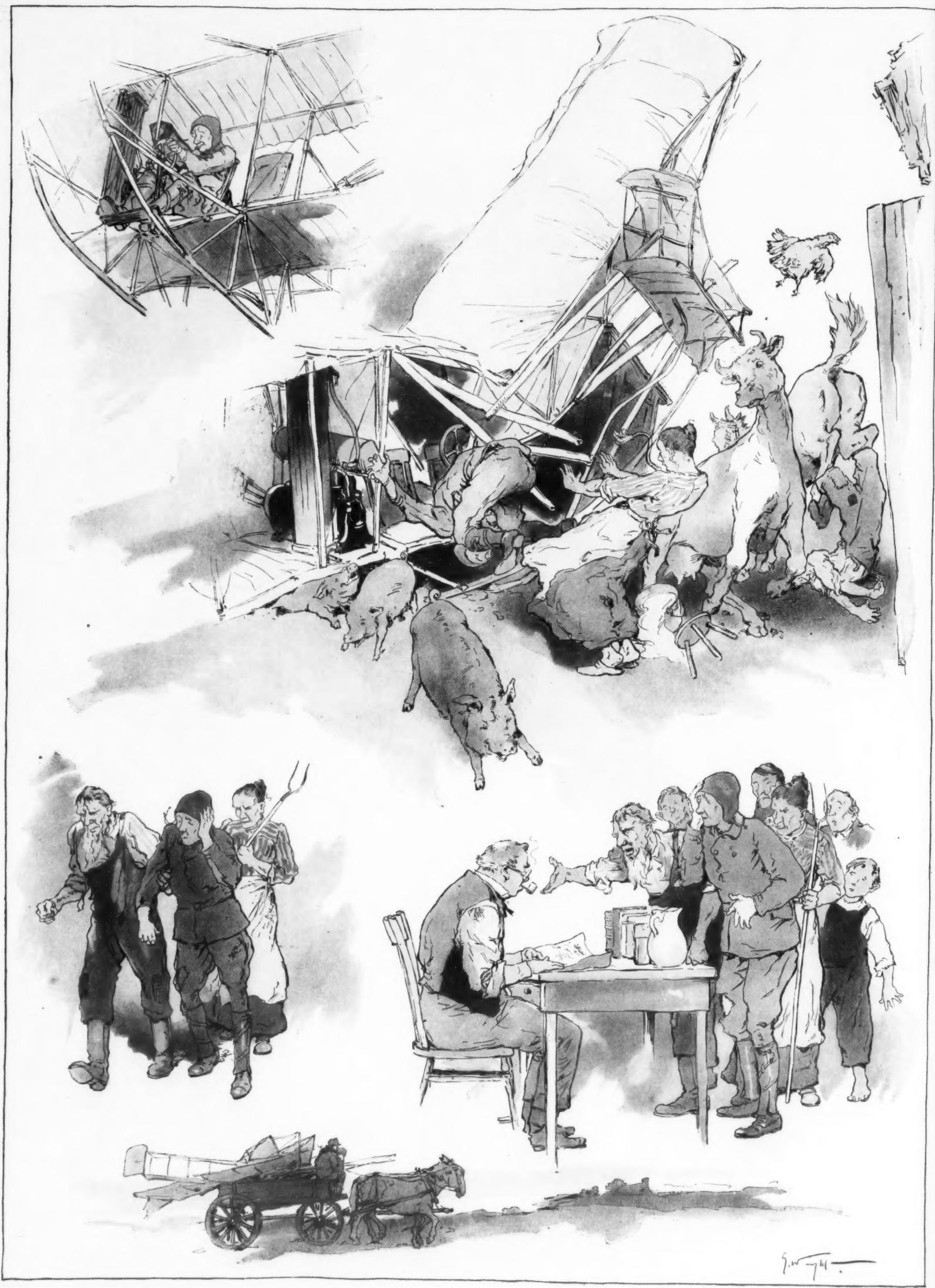
Sigsbee's benevolence was expanding under the influence of the Scotch highball and his cigar. Little acts of kindness on Archie's part, here a cigar, there a lunch, at another time seats for the theater, began to rise to the surface of his memory like rainbow-colored bubbles. He wavered.

"Yes, but what about the rest of the men?" he said. "There will be a dozen or more in for the medal."

"We can square them," said McCay confidently. "We will broach the matter to them at a series of dinners at which we will be joint hosts. They are all white men who will be charmed to do a little thing like this for a sport like Archie."

"How about Gossett?" asked Sigsbee.

McCAY'S face clouded. Gossett was an unpopular subject with members of the Cape Pleasant Golf Club. He was the serpent in their Eden. Nobody seemed quite to know how he had got in, but there, unfortunately, he was. Gossett had



His First Attempt

DRAWN BY GEORGE WRIGHT

introduced into Cape Pleasant golf a cheerless atmosphere of the rigor of the game. It was to enable them to avoid just such golfers as Gossett that the Cape Pleasanters had founded their club. Genial courtesy rather than strict attention to the rules had been the leading characteristic of their play till his arrival. Up to that time it had been looked on as rather bad form to exact a penalty. A cheery give-and-take system had prevailed. Then Gossett had come, full of strange rules, and created about the same stir in the community which a hawk would create in a gathering of middle-aged doves.

"You can't square Gossett," said Sigsbee.

McCay looked unhappy.

"I forgot him," he said. "Of course, nothing will stop him trying to win. I wish we could think of something. I would almost as soon see him lose as Archie win. But, after all, he does have off days sometimes."

"You need to have a very off day to be as bad as Archie."

They sat and smoked in silence.

"I've got it," said Sigsbee suddenly. "Gossett is a fine golfer, but nervous. If we upset his nerves enough, he will go right off his stroke. Couldn't we think of some way?"

McCay reached out for his glass.

"Yours is a noble nature, Sigsbee," he said.

"Oh, no," said the paragon modestly. "Have another cigar?"

IN ORDER that the reader may get that mental half-Nelson on the plot of this narrative which is so essential if a short story is to charm, elevate, and instruct, it is necessary now, for the nonce (but only for the nonce), to inspect Archibald's past life.

Archibald, as he had stated to McCay, was engaged to a Miss Milsom—Miss Margaret Milsom. How few men, dear reader, are engaged to girls with svelte figures, brown hair, and large blue eyes, now sparkling and vivacious, now dreamy and soulful, but always large and blue! How few, I say. You are, dear reader, and so am I, but who else? Archibald was one of the few who happened to be.

He was happy. It is true that Margaret's mother was not, as it were, wrapped up in him. She exhibited none of that effervescent joy at his appearance which we like to see in our mothers-in-law-elect. On the contrary, she generally cried bitterly whenever she saw him, and at the end of ten minutes was apt to retire sobbing to her room, where she remained in a state of semi-coma till an advanced hour. She was by way of being a confirmed invalid, and something about Archibald seemed to get right in among her nerve centers, reducing them for the time being to a complicated hash. She did not like Archibald. She said she liked big, manly men. Behind his back she not infrequently referred to him as a "gaby"; sometimes even as "that guffin."

She did not do this to Margaret, for Margaret, besides being blue-eyed, was also a shade quick-tempered. Whenever she discussed Archibald, it was with her son Stuyvesant. Stuyvesant Milsom, who thought Archibald a bit of an ass, was always ready to sit and listen to his mother on the subject, it being, however, an understood thing that at the conclusion of the séance she yielded one or two saffron-colored bills toward his racing debts. For Stuyvesant, having developed a habit of backing horses which either did not start at all or else sat down and thought in the middle of the race, could always do with ten dollars or so. His prices for these inter-

views worked out, as a rule, at about three cents a word.

In these circumstances it was perhaps natural that Archibald and Margaret should prefer to meet, when they did meet, at some other spot than the Milsom home. It suited them both better that they should arrange a secret tryst on these occasions. Archibald preferred it because being in the same room with Mrs. Milsom always made him feel like a murderer with particularly large feet; and Margaret preferred it because, as she told Archibald, these secret meetings lent a touch of poetry to what might otherwise have been a commonplace engagement.

Archibald thought this charming; but at the same time he could not conceal from himself the fact that Margaret's passion for the poetic cut, so to speak, both ways. He admired and loved the loftiness of her soul, but, on the other hand, it was a tough job having to live up to it. For Archibald was a very ordinary young man. They had tried to inoculate him with a love of poetry at school, but it had not taken. Until he was thirty he had been satisfied to class all poetry (except that of Mr. George Cohan) under the general heading of punk. Then he met Margaret, and the trouble began. On the day he first met her, at a picnic, she had looked so soulful, so aloof from this world, that he had felt instinctively that here was a girl who expected more from a man than a mere statement that the weather was great. It so chanced that he knew just one quotation from the classics, to wit, Tennyson's critique of the Island-Valley of Avilion. He knew this because he had had the passage to write out one hundred and fifty times at school, on the occasion of his being caught smoking by one of the faculty who happened to be a passionate admirer of the "Idylls of the King."

A remark of Margaret's that it was a splendid day for a picnic and that the country looked nice gave him his opportunity.

"It reminds me," he said, "it reminds me strongly of the Island-Valley of Avilion, where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow, nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies deep-meadow'd, happy, fair, with orchard lawns . . ."

He broke off here to squash a hornet; but Margaret had heard enough.

"Are you fond of the poets, Mr. Mealing?" she said, with a far-off look.

"Me?" said Archibald fervently. "Me? Why, I eat 'em alive!"

ND that was how all the trouble had started. It had meant unremitting toil for Archibald.

He felt that he had set himself a standard from which he must not fall. He bought every new volume of poetry which was praised in the press, and learned the reviews by heart. Every evening he read painfully a portion of the classics. He plodded through the poetry sections of Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations." Margaret's devotion to the various bards was so enthusiastic, and her reading so wide, that there were times when Archibald wondered if

he could endure the strain. But he persevered heroically, and so far had not been found wanting. But the strain was fearful.

THE early stages of the Cape Pleasant golf tournament need no detailed description. The rules of match play governed the contests, and Archibald disposed of his first three opponents before the twelfth hole. He had been diffident when he teed off with McCay in the first round, but, finding that he defeated the secretary with ease, he met one Butler in the second round with more confidence. Butler, too, he routed; with the result that, by the time he faced Sigsbee in round three, he was practically the conquering hero. Fortune seemed to be beaming upon him with almost insipid sweetness. When he was trapped in the bunker at the seventh hole, Sigsbee became trapped as well. When he sliced at the sixth tee, Sigsbee pulled. And Archibald, striking a brilliant vein, did the next three holes in eleven, nine, and twelve; and, romping home, qualified for the final.

Gossett, that serpent, meanwhile, had beaten each of his three opponents without difficulty.

The final was fixed for the following Thursday morning. Gossett, who was a broker, had made some frivolous objection about the difficulty of absenting himself from Wall Street, but had been overruled. When Sigsbee pointed out that he could easily defeat Archibald and get to the city by lunch-time if he wished, and that in any case his partner would be looking after things, he allowed himself to be persuaded, though reluctantly. It was a well-known fact that Gossett was in the midst of some rather sizable deals at that time.

Thursday morning suited Archibald admirably. It had occurred to him that he could bring off a



"Be brave, Gossett, this is a crisis in the game. Play just as if nothing existed outside the links!"

double event. Margaret had arrived at Cape Pleasant on the previous evening, and he had arranged by telephone to meet her at the end of the board-walk, which was about a mile from the links, at one o'clock, supply her with lunch, and spend the afternoon with her on the water. If he started his match with Gossett at eleven-thirty, he would have plenty of time to have his game and be at the end of the board-walk at the appointed hour. He had no delusions about the respective merits of Gossett and himself as golfers. He knew that Gossett would win the necessary ten holes off the reel. It was sadening, but it was a scientific fact. There was no avoiding it. One simply had to face it.

Having laid these plans, he caught his train on the Thursday morning with the consoling feeling that, however sadly the morning might begin, it was bound to end well.

The day was fine, the sun warm, but tempered with a light breeze. One or two of the club had come to watch the match, among them Sigsbee.

Sigsbee drew Gossett aside.

At this point he reached in his pocket for his tobacco-pouch, to console himself with smoke. To his dismay he found that it was not there. He had had it in the train, but now it had vanished. This added to his gloom, for the pouch had been given to him by Margaret, and he had always thought it one more proof of the way her nature towered over the natures of other girls, that she had not woven a monogram on it in forget-me-nots. This record pouch was missing, and Archibald mourned for the loss.

His sorrows were not alleviated by the fact that Gossett won the fifth and sixth holes.

IT WAS now a quarter-past twelve, and Archibald reflected with moody satisfaction that the massacre must soon be over, and that he would then be able to forget it in the society of Margaret.

As Gossett was about to drive off from the seventh tee, a telegraph boy approached the little group.

"Mr. Gossett," he said.

Gossett lowered his driver, and wheeled round, but

That it should have taken him three strokes to hole out from this promising position was unfortunate, but not fatal, for Gossett, who seemed suddenly to have fallen off his game, only reached the green in seven. A moment later a murmur of approval signified the fact that Archibald had won his first hole.

"Mr. Gossett," said a voice.

Those murmuring approval observed that the telegraph boy was once more in their midst. This time he bore two missives. Sigsbee dexterously impounded both.

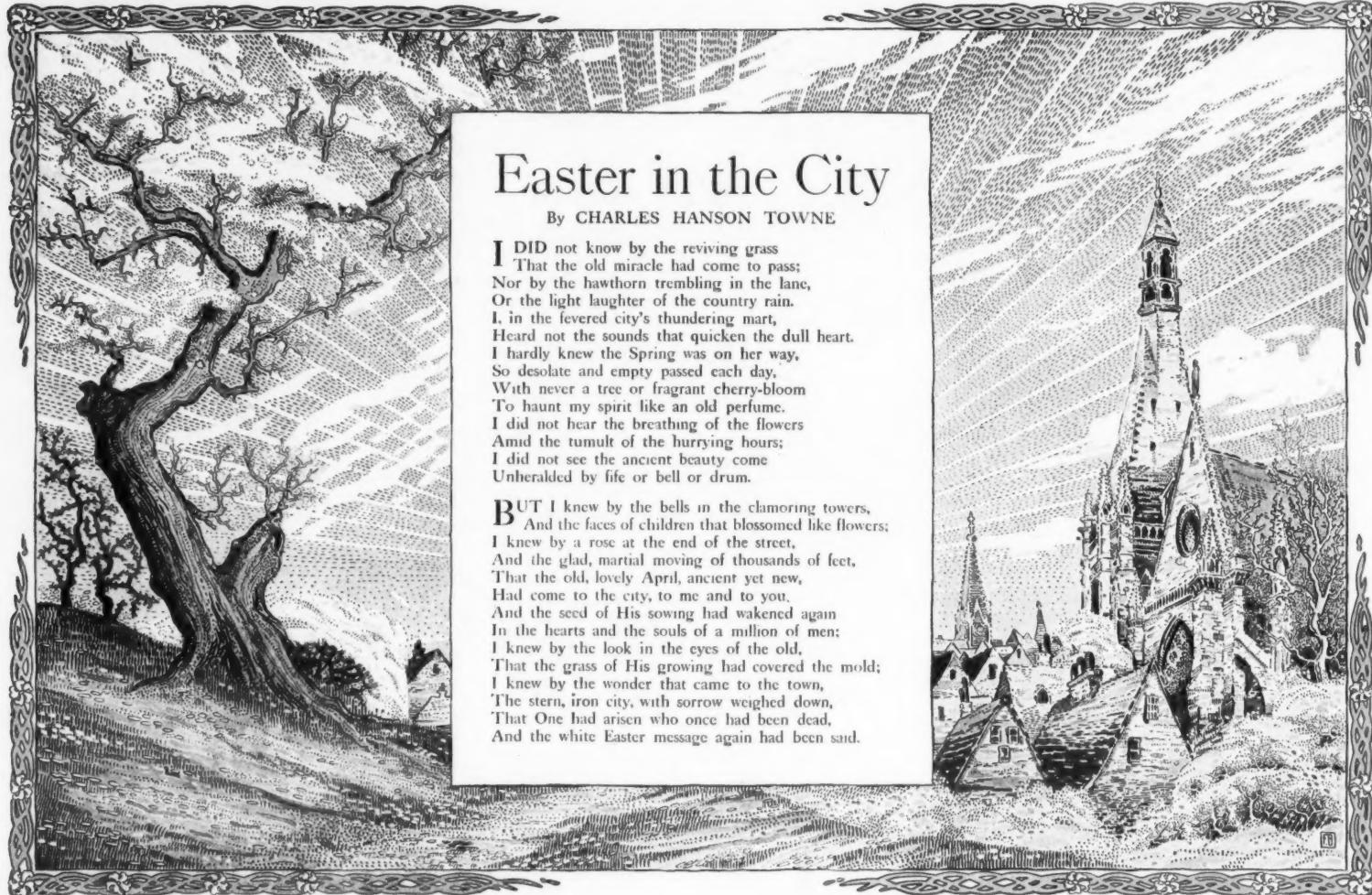
"No," he said with decision, "I absolutely refuse to let you look at them till the game is over. I know your temperament."

Gossett gesticulated.

"But they must be important. They must come from my office. Where else would I get a stream of telegrams? Something has gone wrong. I am urgently needed."

Sigsbee nodded gravely.

"That is what I fear," he said. "That is why I



Easter in the City

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

IDID not know by the reviving grass
That the old miracle had come to pass;
Nor by the hawthorn trembling in the lane,
Or the light laughter of the country rain.
In the fevered city's thundering mart,
Heard not the sounds that quicken the dull heart.
I hardly knew the Spring was on her way,
So desolate and empty passed each day,
With never a tree or fragrant cherry-bloom
To haunt my spirit like an old perfume.
I did not hear the breathing of the flowers
Amid the tumult of the hurrying hours;
I did not see the ancient beauty come
Unheralded by sife or bell or drum.

BUT I knew by the bells in the clamoring towers,
And the faces of children that blossomed like flowers;
I knew by a rose at the end of the street,
And the glad, martial moving of thousands of feet,
That the old, lovely April, ancient yet new,
Had come to the city, to me and to you.
And the seed of His sowing had wakened again
In the hearts and the souls of a million of men;
I knew by the look in the eyes of the old,
That the grass of His growing had covered the mold;
I knew by the wonder that came to the town,
The stern, iron city, with sorrow weighed down,
That One had arisen who once had been dead,
And the white Easter message again had been said.

"You must let me caddie for you, old man," he said. "I know your temperament so exactly. I know how little it takes to put you off your stroke. In an ordinary game you might take one of these boys, I know, but on an important occasion like this you must not risk it. A grubby boy, probably with a squint, would almost certainly get on your nerves. He might even make comments on the game, or whistle. But I understand you. You must let me carry your clubs."

"It's very good of you," said Gossett.

"Not at all," said Sigsbee.

ARCHIBALD was now preparing to drive off from the first tee. He did this with great care. Every one who has seen Archibald Mealing play golf knows that his teeing off is one of the most impressive sights ever witnessed on the links. He tilted his cap over his eyes, wagged his club a little, shifted his feet, wagged his club some more, gazed keenly toward the horizon for a moment, wagged his club again, and finally, with the air of a Strong Man lifting a bar of iron, raised it slowly above his head. Then, bringing it down with a sweep, he drove the ball with a lofty slice some fifty yards. It was rarely that he failed either to slice or pull his ball. His progress from hole to hole was generally a majestic zigzag.

Gossett's drive took him well on the way to the green. He holed out in five. Archibald, mournful but not surprised, made his way to the second tee.

The second hole was shorter. Gossett won it in three. The third he took in six, the fourth in four. Archibald began to feel that he might just as well not be there. He was practically a spectator.

Sigsbee had snatched the envelope from the boy's hand.

"It's all right, old man," he said. "Go right ahead. I'll keep it safe for you."

"Give it to me," said Gossett anxiously. "It may be from the office. Something may have happened to the market. I may be needed."

"No, no," said Sigsbee, soothingly. "Don't you worry about it. Better not open it. It might have something in it that would put you off your stroke. Wait till the end of the game."

"Give it to me. I want to see it."

Sigsbee was firm.

"No," he said. "I'm here to see you win this championship and I won't have you taking any risks. Besides, even if it was important, a few minutes won't make any difference."

"Well, at any rate, open it and read it."

"It is probably in cipher," said Sigsbee. "I wouldn't understand it. Play on, old man. You've only a few more holes to win."

Gossett turned and addressed his ball again. Then he swung. The club tipped the ball, and it rolled sluggishly for a couple of feet. Archibald approached the tee. Now there were moments when Archibald could drive quite decently. He always applied a considerable amount of muscular force to his efforts. It was in direction that, as a rule, he erred. On this occasion, whether inspired by his rival's failure or merely favored by chance, he connected with his ball at precisely the right moment. It flew from the tee, straight, hard, and low, struck the ground near the green, bounded on, and finally rocked to within a foot of the hole. No such long ball had been driven on the Cape Pleasant links since their foundation.

can not risk having you upset. Time enough, Gossett, for bad news after the game. Play on, man, and dismiss it from your mind. Besides, you couldn't get back to New York just yet, in any case. There are no trains. Dismiss the whole thing from your mind and just play your usual, and you're sure to win."

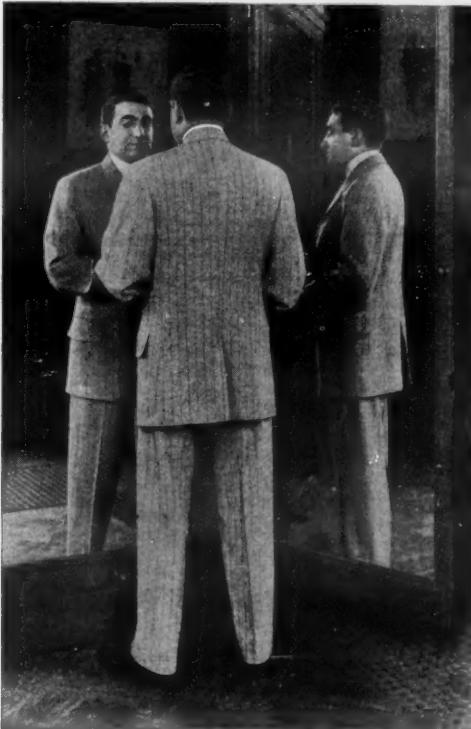
Archibald had driven off during this conversation, but without his previous success. This time he had pulled his ball into some long grass. Gossett's drive was, however, worse; and the subsequent movement of the pair to the hole resembled more than anything else the maneuvers of two men rolling peanuts with toothpicks as the result of an election bet. Archibald finally took the hole in twelve after Gossett had played his fourteenth.

WHEN Archibald won the next in eleven and the tenth in nine, hope began to flicker feebly in his bosom. But when he won two more holes, bringing the score to like-as-we-lie, it flamed up within him like a beacon.

The ordinary golfer, whose scores per hole seldom exceed those of Colonel Bogey, does not understand the whirl of mixed sensations which the really incompetent performer experiences on the rare occasions when he does strike a winning vein. As stroke follows stroke, and he continues to hold his opponent, a wild exhilaration surges through him, followed by a sort of awe, as if he were doing something wrong, even irreligious. Then all these yeasty emotions subside and are blended into one glorious sensation of grandeur and majesty, as if a giant among pygmies.

By the time that Archibald, putting with the care

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66 High Holborn, W. C., London, England

March

"Why Don't You Go Home?" (For Retailers)

April

"Trial Balance Insurance"

May

"What Did It Cost?" (Manufacturing Costs)

Ready Soon

"A Better Day's Work"

176 pages (4th edition)

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SATISFYING

**The kind that
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Made from luscious, red-ripe tomatoes—the pick of the crop, and contains only those ingredients

**Recognized and Endorsed
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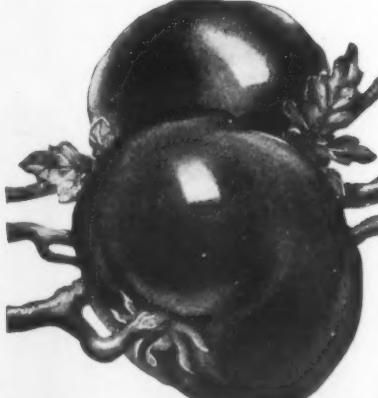
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BEARING OUR NAME**

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Send for our free booklet "Original Menus"

**CURTICE BROTHERS CO.
Rochester, N. Y.**



IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

pointment, had been saying "I told you so" for some time, and this had not improved Margaret's temper. When, therefore, Archibald, damp and disheveled, was shown in, the chill in the air nearly gave him pneumonia. Mrs. Milsom did her celebrated imitation of the Gorgon, while Margaret, lightly humming an air, picked up a weekly paper and became absorbed in it.

"Margaret, let me explain," panted Archibald. Mrs. Milsom was understood to remark that she dared say Margaret's attention was riveted by a fashion plate.

"Driving in a taximeter to the ferry this morning," resumed Archibald, "I had an accident."

This was the net result of some rather feverish brainwork on the way from the links to the cottage.

The periodical flapped to the floor.

"Oh, Archie, are you hurt?"

"A few scratches, nothing more; but it made me miss my train."

"What train did you catch?" asked Mrs. Milsom sepulchrally.

"The one o'clock. I came straight on here from the station."

"Why," said Margaret, "Stuyvesant was coming home on the one o'clock train. Did you see him?"

Archibald's jaw dropped slightly.

"Er—no," he said.

"How curious," said Margaret.

"Very curious," said Archibald.

"Most curious," said Mrs. Milsom.

They were still reflecting on the singularity of this fact when the door opened, and the son of the house entered in person.

"Thought I should find you here, Mealing," he said. "They gave me this at the station to give to you; you dropped it this morning when you got out of the train."

He handed Archibald the missing pouch.

"Thanks," said the latter huskily. "When you say this morning, of course you mean this afternoon, but thanks all the same—thanks—thanks."

"No, Archibald Mealing, he does *not* mean this afternoon," said Mrs. Milsom. "Stuyvesant, speak! From what train did that guf—did Mr. Mealing alight when he dropped the tobacco-pouch?"

"The ten o'clock, the fellow told me. Said he would have given it back to him then only he sprinted off in the deuce of a hurry."

SIX eyes focused themselves upon Archibald.

"Margaret," he said, "I will not try to deceive you—"

"You may try," observed Mrs. Milsom, "but you will not succeed."

"Well, Archibald?"

Archibald fingered his collar.

"There was no taximeter accident."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Milsom.

"The fact is, I have been playing in a golf tournament."

Margaret uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Playing golf!"

Archibald bowed his head with manly resignation.

"Why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you arrange for us to meet on the links? I should have loved it."

Archibald was amazed.

"You take an interest in golf, Margaret? You! I thought you scorned it, considered it an unintellectual game. I thought you considered all games unintellectual."

"Why, I play golf myself. Not very well."

"Margaret! Why didn't you tell me?"

"I thought you might not like it. You were so spiritual, so poetic. I feared you would despise me."

Archibald took a step forward. His voice was tense and trembling.

"Margaret," he said, "this is no time for misunderstandings. We must be open with one another. Our happiness is at stake. Tell me honestly, do you like poetry really?"

Margaret hesitated, then answered bravely:

"No, Archibald," she said, "it is as you suspect. I am not worthy of you. I did not like poetry. Ah, you shudder! You turn away! Your face grows hard and scornful!"

"I don't!" yelled Archibald. "It doesn't! It doesn't do anything of the sort! You've made me another man!"

She stared, wild-eyed, astonished.

"What! Do you mean that you, too—"

"I should just guess I do. I tell you I hate the beastly stuff. I only pretended to like it because I thought you did. The hours I've spent learning it up! I wonder I've not got brain fever."

"Archie! Used you to read it up, too? Oh, if I'd only known!"

"And you forgive me—this morning, I mean?"

"Of course. You couldn't leave a golf tournament. By the way, how did you get on?"

Archibald coughed.



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have those features of fashion which the "good dresser" admires; always minutely correct, but never extreme in cut or fabric. The spring styles are examples of the splendid class of tailoring Collegian Clothes are noted for. They show that standard of workmanship which has brought these garments so prominently before the American public. Suits and overcoats \$15.00 to \$35.00 at all foremost clothiers. Our fashion book mailed free.

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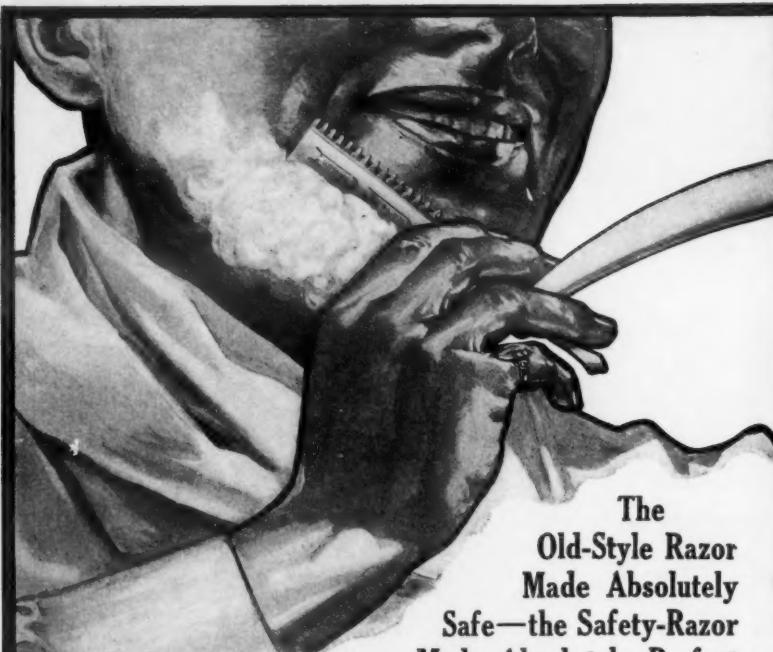
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Made Absolutely
Safe—the Safety-Razor
Made Absolutely Perfect

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR

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If you use a "Safety" Razor, you'll like the Durham-Duplex Razor better because it has every good feature of the best "safety" razor and the additional advantage that it shaves with the correct sliding diagonal stroke—something hoe-like devices cannot do.

The Durham-Duplex easily and quickly shaves the toughest beard.

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FREE TRIAL OFFER
The Durham-Duplex Razor is new, and therefore is not yet sold by all retailers, but we will send you the complete outfit upon receipt of \$5.00, and if not entirely satisfactory, return it within 30 days and get your money back. Get one today.

Write for Free Booklet

If you use the old-style razor, you'll like the Durham-Duplex better, because it has every advantage of the long blade, with the additional advantage of removable blades, making stropping and honing unnecessary; insures a sharp, keen edge for every shave. The blades can, however, be honed and stropped like an ordinary razor. New blades, 6 for 50c.

"Rather well," he said modestly. "Pretty decently. In fact, not badly. As a matter of fact, I won the championship."

"The championship!" whispered Margaret. "Of America?"

"Well, not absolutely of America," said Archibald. "But, all the same, a championship."

"My hero!"

"You won't be wanting me for a while, I guess," said Stuyvesant nonchalantly. "Think I'll smoke a cigarette on the porch."

And sobs from the stairs told that Mrs. Milsom was already on her way to her room.

With Bridges Burned

(Continued from page 14)

His companion refused smilingly. "I can't take that Exposition back with me—I think I'll camp with these contracts."

In the small hours of that night he made a discovery that electrified him and put another round of the ladder beneath him. He found that the most commonly used section in his specification, a twelve-inch I-beam, was listed as weighing fifty-four pounds per foot, whereas the standardized American section which possessed the same carrying strength weighed four pounds less. Here was an advantage of eight per cent in cost and freight! But as yet he had learned nothing about his competitors.

The next morning he dictated another letter to Peebley's stenographer, and filed another sovereign from his sad little bank-roll. Afterward he fell into conversation with the girl and painted a picture of Yankee-land intended to keep her awake nights. Adroitly he led her out. They grew confidential. She admitted her admiration for Mr. Jenkins from Edinburgh. Yes, Mr. Jenkins' company was bidding on the Krugersdorp job. He was much nicer than Mr. Kruse from the Brussels concern. Anyhow, those Belgians had no chance at this contract, for Belgium was pro-Boer, and she had heard a few things around the office!

Mitchell was getting "feed-box" information. When he left he knew the names of his dangerous competitors, also of those he had no cause to fear. Step number four.

He now had to learn three things in order to make utterly certain that his own figures would be low—and he could afford to take no slightest chance of mistake on that score. He must know, first, the dates of those other bids; second, the market price of English steel at such times; and, third, the cost of fabrication at the various mills; three steps of which the first two seemed comparatively easy, and the third afforded appalling difficulties to a man unfamiliar with foreign methods and utterly lacking in acquaintance. He went at it systematically, however, and ran against a snag straightway. Not only did he fail to answer question number one, but he could find no market quotations whatever on structural steel shapes such as entered into the Krugersdorp job.

happened in 1776, acknowledged himself ashamed of the 1812 affair, and sympathized with them over their present trouble with the Boers. They voted him the best host and the best little cyanide tank-builder known to science—and then everybody tried to tell him something at once.

THEY told him among other things that every bid but his had been in for two weeks; that they were in the vault under the care of Mr. Pitts, the head draftsman. And they promised to advise him if any new bids went in or if any changes occurred. Most important of all, they told him that in England all structural steel shapes, instead of being classified, as in America, are known as "angles," and where to find the official reports giving the price of these for every day in the year.

The word "angles" was the missing key; those official market reports formed the lock in which to fit it. Mitchell had taken his fifth big step; there was but one more.

When his guests had finally gone home, swearing fealty and declaring this the best dinner they had ever drunk, he hastened back to his room.

He slept two hours before daylight, and then was up and at it again. This was the last day. Using the data he had gathered the night before, he soon had the price of English and Scottish steel at the time the last bids were closed. Given one thing more—the cost of fabrication in these foreign shops—and he would have reduced this hazard to a certainty; he could read the prices contained in those sealed bids as surely as if they lay open before him. But his time had narrowed now to hours.

He lunched with John Pitts, the head draftsman, going back to pick up the boomerang he had left the week before.

"Have you gone over my first bid?" he asked carelessly.

"I have—lucky for you," said Pitts. "You made a mistake."

"Indeed! How so?"

"Why, it's thirty per cent too low. It would be a crime to give you the business at those figures."

"Well, I didn't include the substructure. I didn't have time to figure that." Mitchell prayed that his face might not show his eagerness. Pitts walked into the trap.

"Even so, it's thirty per cent out of the way. I made allowance for that."

The boomerang had worked!

Once they had separated, Mitchell broke for his hotel like a hunted man. He had made no mistake in his first figures. He felt sure he could land the great Krugersdorp job, but he must be absolutely certain, and he must make as much profit as possible, for without a good profit this three-million-dollar job might ruin his firm.

In order to verify Pitts' statement and reduce this proposition to a mathematical certainty, he must learn the "overhead" charge in English mills—that is, the fixed charges, which, added to shop costs and prices of material, are intended to cover office expenses, cost of operation, and contingencies. First, however, he must have his own figures checked up, for even under normal conditions, if one makes a numerical error in work of this sort, he is more than apt to repeat it time and again. He found himself dozing off whenever he sat down; the raucous noises of the city no longer jarred or startled him. His surroundings were becoming unreal and grotesque, as if seen through the spell of absinthe.

But whom could he get to do this important checking work? He could not go to Threadneedle Street. He thought of the Carnegie representative, and telephoned him explaining his need. He was referred to an English engineer who was familiar with this very job. He was warned, however,

"His name is Dell, and he used to be with one of the Edinburgh concerns, so don't tell your inside figures. He might spring a leak."

A HALF-HOUR later the American, his arms full of blue-prints, was in Mr. Dell's office. But the engineer hesitated: he was very busy; he had numerous obligations. Mitchell gazed over the somewhat threadbare rooms and mentally calculated the size of the nine hundred and twenty dollars. But what was to be done must be done before the next morning's sun arose.



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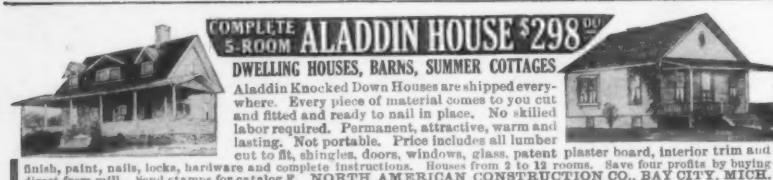
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QUALITY—Nothing we can say will emphasize more strongly the quality of "Korrect Shape" shoes than the guarantee given with every pair in which the "Burrojaps" label appears.

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This Little Money Mill Will Earn \$10 a day for you

There is such an immense demand for vacuum cleaning that hundreds of operators are earning \$10 a day and more with Duntley Pneumatic Cleaners.

One machine will earn \$10 a day—five machines \$50 a day. You can operate as many as you please. The big wagon outfits can't beat this.

The vacuum cleaning business is easy to learn—good to follow—has no limit—and above all, is an honest, respectable business that requires practically no capital.

What others are doing, you can do.

Read what these men say who are making small fortunes right now with

Duntley Pneumatic Cleaners

"In the past forty-three days my Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner has netted \$477.25—an average of over \$11.00 per day, doing splendid work and giving entire satisfaction to the people for whom I have worked."

Elmer L. Hancock, Seattle, Wash.

"My order for an additional Duntley Cleaner is good proof of the success I am having with this machine. I have made as high as \$20 per day with one machine, and can easily average \$10 per day."

W. B. Johnstone, Los Angeles, Cal.

"I have worked your Duntley Cleaner for ten days and am now ready to buy the machine. I made \$15 the first six days."

Chan. Clemence, Chicago, Ill.

"The first Duntley Cleaner received has earned us \$9.0, and we have only put in about half the time."

C. H. Towse, Portland, Ore.

A Business of Your Own

The vacuum cleaning business is new. It is a coming business—a profitable business. You can make a success in it—for experience is not necessary.

There is a harvest to be reaped with Duntley Cleaners in your town. You can reap this harvest by being first in the field.

I have started scores of men in business with Duntley Pneumatic Cleaners who have made big money. I will show you how to build up a business that will make you \$10 a day or more—that will enable you to employ others and make a profit on their work.

As little as \$25 will start you in a vacuum cleaning business of your own.

Let Me Prove This to You

I will send you a Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner and give you full instructions for engaging in the vacuum cleaning business.

I will print unique and attractive advertising matter in your own name, that will get the business for you.

You can use the machine for 10 days to prove it will do what I claim—

To prove that you can make \$10 a day. I'll take all the risk.

You simply fill out and mail me the coupon below—but do it now—today.

J. W. Duntley, Pres., 402 Harvester Bldg., Chicago

Cut Out and Mail This Coupon Today

Duntley Manufacturing Co., 402 Harvester Bldg., Chicago

Tell me how I can make \$10 or more a day with a Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner.

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ State _____

In ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

"This job is worth ten sovereigns to me if it is finished to-night," he said coldly. Mr. Dell hesitated, stumbled, and fell. "Very well, sir; we'll begin at once."

He unrolled the blue-prints. From a drawer he produced a sliding rule; he slid the rule up, he slid it down, he gazed through his glasses, he made microscopic Spencerian figures in neat rows and columns. He seemed to pluck his results from the air with necromantic cunning. What had taken the young man at his elbow days and nights of cruel effort, the engineer accomplished in a few hours by means of his sliding rule. Meanwhile, with one weary effort of will, his visitor summoned his powers and cross-examined him adroitly. Here was the one man who could supply the missing link in the chain, but Mr. Dell would not talk. He did not like Americans nor American methods, and he showed his dislike by sealing his lips. Mitchell played upon his vanity at first, but the man was like wood. Once the salesman saw this he built a fire under him. He grilled everything British—the people, their social customs, their business methods. Mr. Dell began to perspire. He worked doggedly on for a while, then he arose in defense of his country, whereupon Mitchell artfully shifted his attack to English steel mills. The other refuted his statements flatly. At length the engineer became goaded into anger—he became loquacious.

When Louis Mitchell flung himself into the dark body of his cab that evening, his legs knee-deep in those hateful blue-prints, he blessed that engineer, for Dell had told him all that he wished to know, all he had tried so vainly to discover through other sources. The average "overhead" in British mills was one hundred and thirty per cent, and Big Dell knew!

THE young man laughed hysterically, a half tearful hiccup of triumph. Tomorrow at ten-thirty! It was nearly over. He would be ready. And as he lolled back inertly upon the cushions he mused dreamily that he had not done so badly. In less than two weeks, among an alien people and under strange conditions, without acquaintance or pull or help of any sort, he had learned the names of his competitive firms, the dates of their bids, and the market prices ruling on every piece of steel in the Krugersdorp job at such times. He had learned the rules governing English labor unions, he knew all about piece-work and time-work, fixed charges and shop costs, together with the ability of every plant figuring on the Robinson-Ray contract to turn out the work in the necessary time. All this, and more, he had discovered honestly, legitimately, without cost to his own commercial honor. Henceforth that South African contract depended merely upon his own ability to add, subtract, and multiply correctly. It was his just as surely as two and two make four—for salesmanship is an exact science.

Again, through the slow, silent hours of that Wednesday night, he fought off his death-like weariness and went over his figures carefully. There was no error.

The gray dawn was creeping in on him when he added a clean thirty per cent profit for his firm, signed his bid and prepared for bed. But he could not leave the thing. He became assailed by sudden doubts and fears. What if he had made a mistake? What if some other bidder had made a mistake and underfigured? The consequences made him tremble. Now that it was all over, he feared that it was not really possible that the greatest steel contract in years would come to him. He grew dizzy at thought of what it meant to him and to the girl.

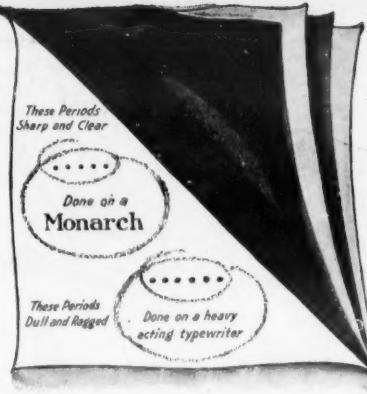
He calmed himself, however, and looked straight at the matter, leaning against the table for support, his knees sagging beneath him. He caught sight of a drawn face in the mirror, a face old and heavy with fatigue, and wondered what she would say if she saw it. He determined suddenly to shave that profit to twenty-nine per cent and make sure, for her sake—his only show of weakness—then he refrained. He knew in his heart that his figures were correct.

At ten-thirty A. M. Thursday he was the only salesman in Mr. Peebleby's office who did not wear a silk hat, pearl gloves and spats, and in consequence the others ignored him for a time—but only for a time. Once the proposals had been read an air of impenetrable gloom spread over the room. The seven Scotch, English, and Belgian mourners stared cheerlessly at each other and then at the young man from overseas who had underbid the lowest of them by six thousand pounds sterling, less than one per cent. After a while they bowed and mumbled and went softly out in their high hats.

"Six hundred and thirty-seven thousand five hundred pounds sterling!" said the Director-General. "By Jove, Mitchell, I'm glad!" They shook hands. "I'm really glad."

The Carbon-Copy Test that Proves the Superiority of the work produced by the Monarch.

Try this experiment: Take several sheets of writing paper with carbons between; place them on a flat surface and drop a lead pencil, point down, from a height of 18 or 20 inches. Note the clearness of the dot, even on the bottom sheet. Now make a dot by pressing the pencil into the paper, and then examine your carbon copies. The top one will show clear enough but the others will be faint and blurred.



Monarch Light Touch

This simple demonstration illustrates the light touch principle of the Monarch Typewriter. The action of the Creeping Fulcrum of the Monarch typebar is such that it throws the type face against the paper with a quick tap—not a slow push. This means clear impressions on the maximum number of carbon copies.

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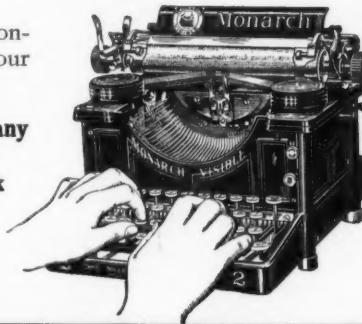
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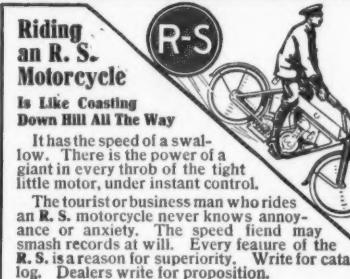
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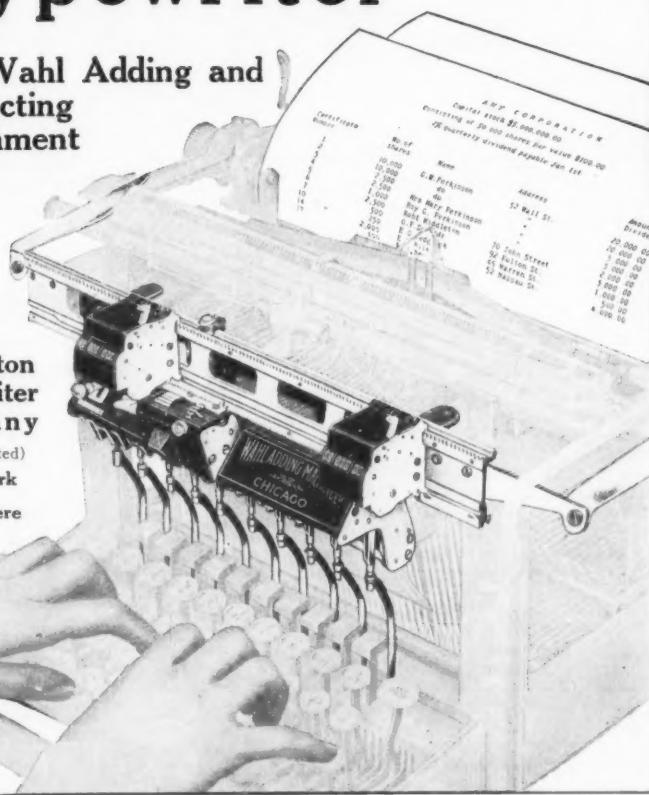
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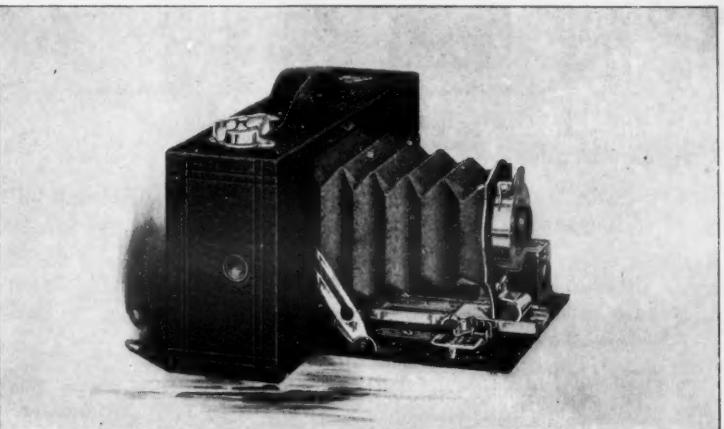
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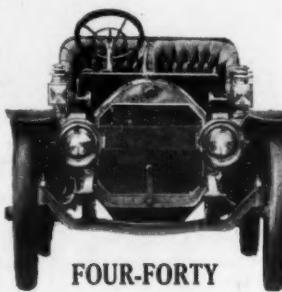
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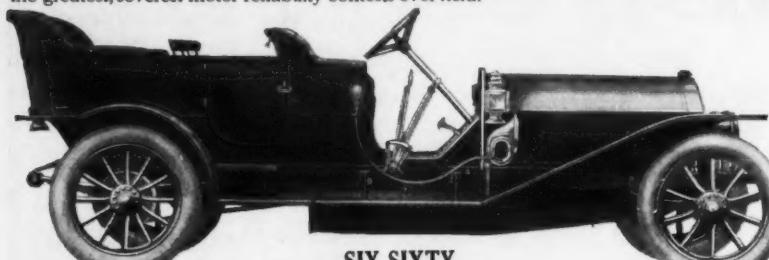
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"That's over three million dollars," said Mitchell. "It's quite a nice little job."

Peebley laughed. "You have been very decent about it, too. I hope to see something of you. What?"

"You'll see my smoke. I'm married!"

"You are not going back right away?"

"To-morrow I've booked my passage and cabled the girl to meet me in New York."

"My word! She will be glad to hear of your success."

"Oh, I've told her already. You see, I knew I had won."

The Director-General of the Robinson Ray Syndicate stared in open amazement.

"Now let's get at those signatures."

That night Louis Mitchell slept with fifteen separate contracts under his pillow. He double-locked the door, pulled the dresser in front of it, and slept with the light burning. At times he awoke with a start and felt for the documents. Toward morning he was seized with a sudden fright, so got up and read them all over for fear somebody had tampered with them. They were correct, however, whereupon he read them a second time just for pleasure. They were strangely interesting.

On the *Deutschland* he slept much of the way across, and by the time Liberty Statue loomed up he could dream of other things than blue-prints—of the girl, for instance.

She had enough left from the eighty dollars to bring her on and take a week's lodging in West 34th Street, and she was at the dock, although he could not find her at first. He had expected to see her with her arms outstretched, the old joyous smile upon her dimpled face, but he searched until his heart grew sick before he saw her seated over by the letter "M" where he must come to claim his trunk. There she was, huddled up on a coil of rope, crying as if bereft, her nerve utterly gone—along with the four twenty-dollar bills. She was afraid to face him, afraid there had been an error in the cablegram.

Not until she lay in his arms at last, sobbing and laughing, her slender body all a-quiver, did she believe. Then he allowed her to feel the fifteen contracts inside his coat, and once in the cab, bound for her smelly little boarding-house, he even showed them to her. In return she gave him a telegram from his firm that made him cry out. It was addressed:

"MR. LOUIS MITCHELL,
"General Sales Manager, Comer & Mathison,
"New York City."

And it read:

"That goes.—COMER."

Mitchell opened the trap above his head and called:

"Hey, Cabbie! We've changed our minds. Drive us to the Waldorf—at a gallop."

And then they laughed with the joy of youth. They laughed again when they found there was not cab-fare between them. They would have shouted had they dared, for life was very sweet and the girl's cheek was against his shoulder.

* * *

A Slayer of Serpents

(Continued from page 19)

low echo came from within. She stood waiting. Then she knocked again.

Finally she went home. "If I ever see him again—" she whispered.

The Green Hills were only six miles away. Their softly undulating outlines were visible against the northern sky. Ada used to sit gazing at them. Her little plain face grew plainer and thinner. Three weeks more passed and Sylvester had not returned, then three weeks more.

One morning Ada went out. She acknowledged to herself no definite purpose. There was a straight road to the Green Hills. She knew it well. She kept walking. She emerged from the village and passed scattered houses.

The road lay along the base of the Green Hills. They rose from it softly—green, piny slopes, interspersed with gray ledges of rock. On the side of the road stood a poor little dwelling with some children swarming about it. Ada stopped and inquired:

"Can you tell me where Mr. Noble stays up there?" said she, pointing to the hill.

"The man that kills snakes you mean?" asked a woman appearing in the door.

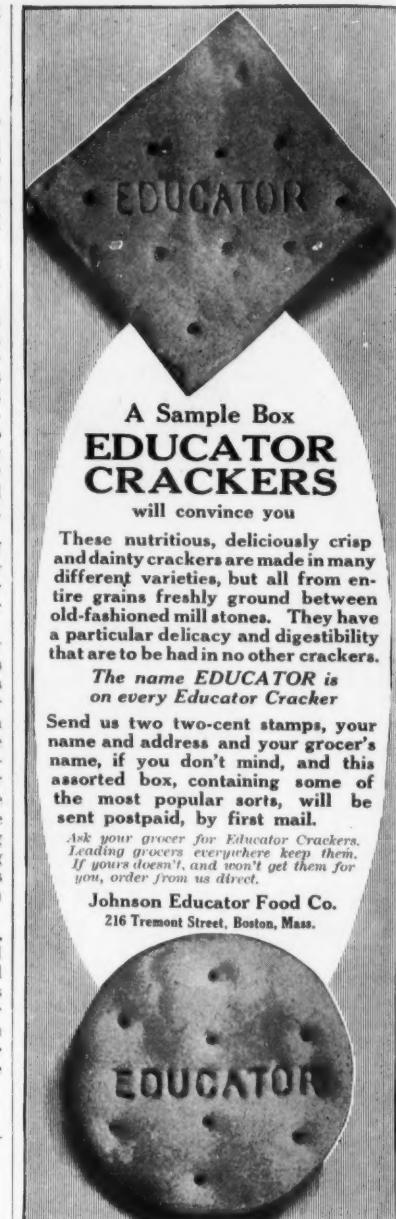
"Yes."

"Why, you just go right up that path over there. I don't let the children go, I'm so afraid of snakes."

"He killed sixteen last week," said one of the children.

"Hold your tongue! He didn't, neither. 'Twas two or three weeks ago. I'm most afraid somethin' has happened to him, I haven't seen him for so long. You keep right on that path. He's got a house up there. Are you his girl?"

"No."



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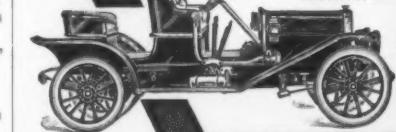
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learn to
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Ada began climbing the path. The woman and the children stood watching her. She passed first over a long ascent of slippery, sunburnt grass, then the path curved among the rock-ledges. Here was the very nesting-place of the serpents. Here was the battlefield where Sylvester Noble satisfied on these noxious, crawling things whatever vengeance against evil and untruth was in his patient, gentle nature.

At the left of the ledge was a little cluster of pine trees, marking the entrance to a thin wood. There stood Sylvester's little hut, knocked together out of pine boards.

Ada paused beside the open door and called softly: "Mr. Noble." "Mr. Noble."

"Who is it?" said a weak voice. Ada entered. In the tiny room was a table with papers scattered over it, a chair, a little stove, and a rough bed in one corner. Sylvester lay there, gaunt and white. He tried to raise himself. "Who is it?"

"Are you sick?" asked Ada, trembling. She came around where he could see her.

He stared incredulously. "I—ain't been just right," he muttered. "Is it you?"

"Yes. I came to see what had become of you. Oh, Mr. Noble, what is the matter?"

"How—did you—get here?"

"I came. The woman showed the way."

"There's snakes on those rocks. You oughtn't—to—ha' come."

"I didn't see any. How long have you been sick?"

"I don't know—a few days, I guess."

"I am going after a doctor."

"Look here," said Sylvester. He held out his thin hand beseechingly. She knelt down and took it. "I don't know—how you happened—to come—" said he, "but as long as you have, don't—you go. It's no use. I'm—most done for."

Ada began to sob. "Oh, you'll feel better," said she, "if you have some medicine, won't you? Let me go."

"It's no use. Don't you feel bad."

"Oh, I treated you so!"

"How did you treat me?"

"I treated you terribly the last time I saw you."

"No, you didn't. Don't you feel so bad?"

"I didn't know how good you'd been about your brother."

"That wasn't anything."

"Wasn't anything!" Ada started up. "I must go and get a doctor," she cried. "I must! I won't have it so."

"Then I shan't see you again."

"Yes, you will; I won't have it so." But Ada hid her face and wept.

"Look here," he faltered presently. "I don't know that I ought to keep you. Won't you be afraid?"

"No, no!"

"If I should last a little longer than I think, you won't wait. You must go right down to the house there, the man's got an old team; he'll carry you home, and tell the town-folks. I don't know as you had better wait much longer. Look out for the snakes."

Ada stroked Sylvester's forehead.

"Oh," he gasped. "Don't you mind doing that?"

"No."

"You look out for the snakes. There's lots of them; I haven't killed many."

"Yes, I will."

"I'm kind of glad to go," he muttered.

"You are not going," said Ada, but Sylvester did not seem to hear. "I've always believed in things," he murmured, "and I've had a rather hard time. All the trouble is: I don't want to leave that poor little thing down in the village. I don't see what she's going to do."

"You are not going to leave her," Ada said stoutly; "but don't you worry. I'll ring the bell."

Sylvester's face lit up. The future became the past for his feeble consciousness. "I'll hear it. I always sleep light."

Then there was the sudden clatter of wheels, and the clash of a horse's hoofs on rock, and the sound of a hoarse "Whoa!" Then a man thrust his face into the dim interior. It was an uncouth, degenerate face, but the eyes were kind, and behind the man's face was the face of a woman whom motherhood had redeemed from weakness and helplessness. "Joe," she said to the man, with her lovely note of maternal authority, "you jest go 'tother side of him, and we'll lift him into the wagon onto the feather bed I put in there, and then you drive jest as easy as you can. We'll take him home and git the doctor," she said swiftly to Ada. "He ain't goin' to die. Land, my Joe here was enough sight worse off than he two year ago. Don't you cry."

And the woman, with her loving wisdom which she had gained through bearing and rearing her little brood, and also perhaps from the generations of poor, unlettered mothers who had been her ancestresses, was right. Sylvester lived. And he and Ada were married soon, that she might nurse him back to health, and they lived together happily in her house, but always, although now her protector was with her, she kept the little bell on her bureau.



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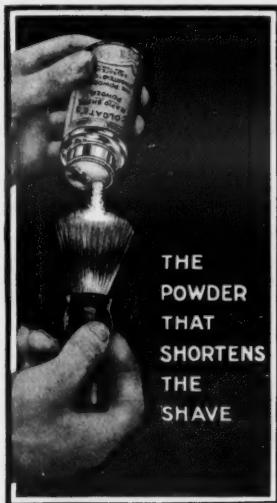
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COLGATE'S ANTISEPTIC RAPID-SHAVE POWDER



THE
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THAT
SHORTENS
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SHAVE

Learn to Lather Properly
and you'll shave comfortably.

Lather acts on your beard in two ways. The **soap** removes the oily coating of the hairs. The **water** then gets to them, moistening and softening.

The old way of **mixing** lather in a **cup**, and spreading it over the face, simply **coats** the hairs with a **soapy layer**. This prevents a thorough softening by the water, without additional **rubbing** in with the **fingers**, which irritates your skin.

With "Rapid-Shave," just sprinkle a little powder on your wet brush and lather your face. It combines with the moisture in the bristles, and dissolves the oily hair-coating as soon as the brush touches your skin. So that you work the moist, creamy lather **in** while you work it **up**, and soften your beard without cup-lathering or rubbing in with the fingers.

For cleanliness, comfort and convenience COLGATE'S RAPID-SHAVE POWDER sets a new standard for sanitary shaving. You'll enjoy its soothing lather and your soft, smooth shave.

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Victor



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The sweetest, clearest tone ever heard in any musical instrument.

"What makes the Victor tone so sweet, clear and natural, and of such splendid volume?" people ask as they become captivated by the unequalled Victor tone-quality.

The goose-neck construction of the tone-arm is largely responsible. A little thing in itself, but a great big thing in what it accomplishes.

It puts the weight of the sound-box in the proper place and at the proper angle to get the best results from every record.

Its flexibility enables the reproducing point to follow the lines of the sound-waves so closely that every detail is reproduced with absolute fidelity.

And besides improving the tone, the goose-neck adds to the convenience of using the Victor.

This exclusive patented goose-neck is only one of the many valuable features that help to make the Victor the world's greatest musical instrument.

If you have never heard a Victor of the present time, go today to the nearest dealer's and hear it.

He will gladly play some of the new Victor Records that mark the greatest advance ever made in the art of recording. Ask particularly to hear the new Gadski-Caruso duets from "Aida" (89028 and 89029).

And be sure to hear the Victrola

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